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INTERNATIONAL EDITIONS**

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PENTHOUSE
VARIATIONS

FEBRUARY 2016



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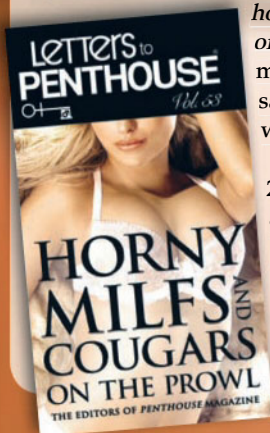


February often conjures up thoughts of valentines, but here at *Penthouse Variations*, we're all about the love of lust. In this month's issue, Betty Noble succumbs to her lesbian longings in "Bi Bi Betty." Nora Bishop attends a clothing swap that gets much more interesting when their men are up for grabs in "The Husband Swap." Kara Manco learns the joy of exhibitionism in "Live and in the Flesh." Peter Eaton gets more than he dared to dream in "Double the Dommies." And our readers share their slutty same-sex adventures and horny hookups.

To read more carnal confessions, pre-order *Letters to Penthouse, Vol. 53: Horny MILFs and Cougars*

on the Prowl. Packed with tales of yummy mummies and wanton wives, this book will satisfy fans of sexually voracious women who know how to get what they crave.

And remember to pick up the January 2016 issue of *Penthouse* magazine, available in print at your local newsstand or digitally at PenthouseMagazine.com/psp. This special Pet of the Year Playoff edition features all of 2015's beautiful Penthouse Pets as they compete for the coveted title.—Barbara Pizio, Executive Editor



Editor's Note



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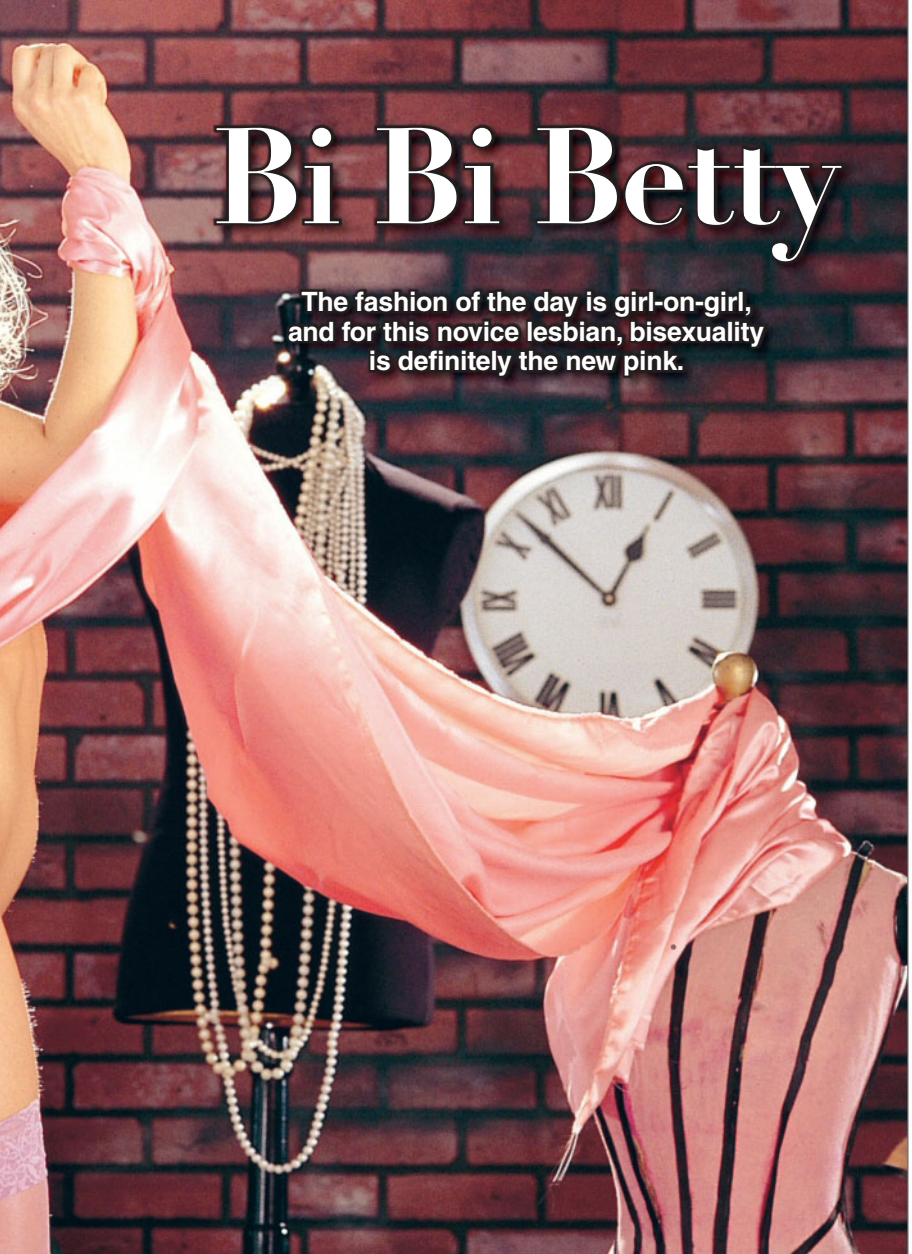
Bisexuality



By Betty Noble

Bi Bi Betty

The fashion of the day is girl-on-girl,
and for this novice lesbian, bisexuality
is definitely the new pink.





TRISH! Are you here?"

My friend Trish owns a dress store on a quaint side street off the main drag in town. The airy front room of her boutique is filled with ready-to-wear dresses in a riot of colors and prints. She does sewing and fittings in the back, which is where I can usually find her. When I came in late on Saturday afternoon, the front room was empty. There were no other shoppers in the store, and I walked toward the back and called out her name again.

No response. That was strange. Then I heard the sound of a woman's sigh. I came closer to the sewing room and called her name once more. Third time was the charm because Trish called back: "Hold on! I'm coming! I'm coming!"

While I was waiting, I turned my at-

tention to the racks of elegant hand-sewn items. Trish has been my friend for several years, and she does beautiful work. In fact, it was on my personal recommendation that she was making the bridesmaids' gowns for my boss's Valentine's Day wedding.

Suddenly, Trish was at my side, looking pink-cheeked and a little mussed around the edges. I caught a whiff of something sexual in the air as she gave me an unexpectedly warm hug.

"Betty!" she said. "I wasn't expecting you until five." Trish always seems happy to see me whenever I visit, but there was definitely something unusual going on today. Her voice was twinkly, sparkly, different from the way she normally sounds.

There are certain gestures a woman

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employs when she's interested in taking a relationship to the next level. She might widen her eyes during a conversation, as if to silently say, "I find you incredibly appealing." There's also a soft touch. A stroking of an arm during casual chit-chat definitely implies a woman is interested. Perhaps a little lower lip lick. I know these facts intimately, because I have utilized many of these tricks with the men I've dated over the years. But I was surprised to see a flirtatious look on Trish's pretty face. That's definitely what it was. The way she was behaving—like a flirty girl!

Trish raked her fingers through her short, dark curls, and she smoothed her hands over her formfitting t-shirt, as if to iron out any wrinkles. I followed her hands with my eyes. I knew that trick, as

well. The move was designed to bring a would-be suitor's attention to the curves. The trick worked. I noted Trish's slim figure, the delicious curve of her hips, her small waist.

"The dresses for the wedding are this way," she said, and her voice warbled almost as if she was drunk.

Although the front of her store is kept pristine and lovely, her studio was in the disarray I've grown accustomed to. When she has a major order, like this one, she often pulls all-nighters. Yes, she has a staff to help her, but she does much of the detail work herself. For this job, the place was strewn in rose-colored taffeta and floral satin. The finished dresses were hanging on a rack, looking gorgeous, while Trish herself looked as if she'd gotten little sleep.

"Your dress is ready, Betty," she said. "If you want to try it on."

She ushered me into the fitting area, hanging the fanciful flowery number by the door. Then she sat on one of the pink velvety poufs and looked at me expectantly. I stared back at her for a moment unsure of how I ought to proceed.

In the past, I would have stripped in front of her without thought. She's sewn several dresses for me over the years, and I've never been shy about taking off my clothes in front of her or other women. I change at the gym without any problem. But now the heat in the air between us made me hesitate. I couldn't exactly place what was going on.

"A dream?"

"Yeah." She went scarlet. "We were kissing."

"The two of us were?" So I'd been right. She was giving me that "I want you" look. And for some reason I found the concept exciting.

The champagne was giving Trish grief—or maybe it was her nerves—so I took the bottle from her and popped the cork. When the bubbles fizzed over the top, Trish gazed at me, wide-eyed, and said, "That happened in my dream."

"I spilled champagne?"

"And I . . ." She licked the liquid off my skin. I felt a jolt of true lust vibrate through me. There was moment of hesi-

Her lips were so
soft, and I thought I could taste the
slight sweetness of a
berry-flavored gloss. Then her hands
were on me, stroking me.

"Some champagne," she announced, clapping her hands together gleefully. "A client gave me a bottle yesterday afternoon. Leftover from her engagement party. Would you like a glass? I know I'd love one! I'll shut up the shop at the same time. I was planning on closing early anyway. You being here is the perfect reason."

This was not the calm, levelheaded Trish I was used to, but I nodded and then followed her into the break room of her studio. I felt comfortable enough with her to say, "Is everything okay?"

She looked positively flushed, and she wouldn't meet my eyes. Then she said, "I guess I can tell you. I had this dream about you last night."

tation between us, and then I set down the bottle and took Trish in my arms. I didn't think about what this would mean, what this would lead to. I simply had to kiss her. It was like a scene from a romantic comedy. I didn't know where to take her, how to hold her, but we made do, with me pushing her up against a wall and nibbling on her bottom lip. She let out a rapturous sigh, and then we were kissing for real, our mouths meeting, our tongues tangling.

No first kiss had ever lit me up this way. There was something undeniably exciting about experiencing my first girl-girl kiss. But the connection went deeper than that. Trish's mouth on mine felt good and right. Her lips were so soft, and



I thought I could taste the slight sweetness of a berry-flavored gloss. Then her hands were on me, stroking me, and my heart beat faster in response. That wasn't the only thing going on in my body. My pussy was extremely aware of everything happening between us. In fact, the central command system between my thighs had become almost aggressive in its nonverbal desires.

Hold her. Kiss her. Stroke her. Fuck her. That was the inner mantra repeating in my head. Touch her. Strip her. Bite her. Lick her.

The words had a singsong cadence that swept over me, made me work my hips to the beat in my head. Trish rocked hers against mine in return. We were standing in her back room, dancing to no music. Because Trish designs so many beautiful gowns, the place had an airy-fairy quality. Strips of colored fabrics—remnants of dresses she's made in the past—hung from a fan overhead. The fabric wisps moved as the fan rotated.

Trish spun us so that my back was to

the wall, and then she started to take my clothes off for me. I'd never wanted to be naked faster. I helped her, tugging at my dress until I heard the seams give way. I kicked off my mules. Trish pulled on my tights, shredding the fine cloth in the process. I had a second to imagine how I might look when I left her studio—dress torn, tights demolished, as if I'd tangoed with a tiger.

But I didn't care. Once I was naked, I went to work on Trish's clothes. Her standard attire is a white t-shirt and black pants. But today I learned that beneath those two items of clothing she went entirely naked. That made my desire spike sharply. I dropped to my knees on the plush carpet, and I pressed my face to her split. To match her cropped dark curls, she sported an equally severe style down below. I parted her nether lips and found her clit with my tongue. Trish braced her hands on my shoulders to hold herself steady.

She was already incredibly wet. I licked around her clit in a sloppy, slip-

pery circle. Then I paused and gazed up her body. "Was *this* in your dream?" I asked after I'd had my first succulent taste of her. "Did you dream this?"

I resumed my licking games while she said, "No, not exactly. Not quite."

I sucked hard on her clit, and she cried out at the pressure. I made a ring with my lips and focused solely on her pearl until I felt her whole body start to quake. Then I pulled away and looked up at her again. "What was different?" I asked.

"We were sixty-nining," she confessed breathlessly.

"Ah," I sighed. "We'll do that next."

SOMETIMES Trish uses this space for a dressing room when the studio gets busy. There's a mirror on the opposite wall, and I positioned the two of us so she could watch her reflection in the mirror while I dined on her pussy. I found that I had no fear at all at performing this brand-new action. I simply did to her precisely what I like to have a lover do to me. I traced inner-connecting circles around her clit, pausing every few rotations to suck forcefully on her hot button. I used the flat of my tongue to lap her lips, and then I tugged gently on each labia in turn. When I had whisked away the honeylike dew, I put my tongue in her hole. Trish started to beg as I learned the things that took her higher. She made whimpering noises whenever I gave her clit a proper suck. When I backed off, she went back to panting and telling me about the racy dream she'd had about me.

"I woke up in a sweat," she said. "My whole body was drenched, and I was in the midst of coming."

"What was I doing to make you come?"

"Well . . ."

"Tell me!"

"You had your fingers in me, and you were working my clit hard, sucking it like a piece of candy."

I followed her dream script as she spoke. I crossed one finger over another

and began to slowly insert the corkscrewed digits into Trish's slit. The reaction she gave me was nearly explosive. Her fingers tightened on my shoulders, her short red nails biting into my skin. The sharp spark of pain merely worked to heighten the pleasure I was already feeling. Making Trish's sex dream come true—literally—was the most exciting thing I could think of. No, I hadn't been with a woman before, but this new territory was fulfilling my libido on multiple levels.

I found that my free hand had strayed on its own accord to my pussy, and that I was touching myself to the same rhythm I was licking and finger-fucking Trish. There was no denying myself this personal delight. Every flick of my tongue on her clit, every thrust of my fingers in her hole, had me moaning my own symphony of pleasure.

I paused and gazed up Trish's gorgeous body. Her eyes met mine, and she looked embarrassed, as if I'd caught her thinking something filthy.

"What?" I asked, licking her nectar from my lips. "What is that look for?"

"There was more to the dream . . ."

"You have to tell me. I'm not a mind reader. I might have starred in your fantasy, but I don't know what I did!"

"After you'd put your fingers in me, you pulled your hand away and had one wet finger rubbing my . . ."

"Your clit?"

"No." She shook her head. Her cheeks were a deep red. She was all turned on and embarrassed at the same time. "You were touching my asshole. Rubbing your finger over it."

"Just rubbing?" I asked her.

"At the start."

So I did what she said. My pointer was already slick with her copious juices. All I had to do was reach around and strum her hole while I continued to lick her. Trish whinnied with pleasure. The sound of passion in her voice delighted me. I felt gleeful at how I was making her respond. I'd always thought of myself as a



capable lover. I'd had no complaints—let's put things like that. But Trish was letting me know with her entire body that she loved what I was doing. As I mashed my face to her split and tickled her asshole, Trish continued to talk.

"Oh, yes. That's it! That is exactly what you were doing! Don't stop. Please don't stop!"

This added action had immediate and intense results. Trish suddenly reached her limits. Gripping me even tighter, she pressed her box hard against my mouth and creamed. I could tell when the orgasm occurred. Even if she'd stayed totally silent, I would have been able to read the language of her body. As it happened, Trish was loud, crying out as the bliss overtook her, saying my name over and over as she reached her peak.

The intensity of her orgasm was breathtaking. I would have thought she might need a moment or two to recover. But Trish was a trouper. As soon as the climax had worked through her, she went to her knees and moved me so that I was

on my back. Then she took my hand away from my split and picked up where my fingers had left off. She didn't tell me any additional details of her dream with words. But that doesn't mean she didn't use her mouth. Slick rotations around my clit were the gestures of the day. She nuzzled me with her nose, then rapped against my clit as if trying to ring my bell. I found myself murmuring under my breath, encouraging her onward with desperate little pleas.

She was a voracious lover. She worked me harder and faster than I would have thought I could handle. I could tell she knew what she was doing. This was definitely not her first time with her mouth on a woman's cunt.

When I came, she didn't stop tonguing me. Although I uselessly tried to cover myself with my hands, shielding my sensitive private parts, she forcefully pried my hands away and continued her work. Of course, I didn't really want her to stop. I was absolutely floating on the endorphins coursing through my sys-



tem, and I merely needed a breather—or rather a second to catch my breath. Trish was having none of that. She seemed to understand that although I might be pulling back slightly, what I really craved was for her to keep going, to push me further, to take me over the edge—wherever that led.

“Oh, God, oh fuck,” I whimpered as she focused her attention on my clit. “Oh, dear, oh, Trish.”

Her movements were slower and lighter now, taking into account the fact that I’d just rocketed into the stratosphere of pure undiluted pleasure. Then, without me sensing where she was going, what she was planning, she licked a finger and began to stroke my asshole while she tickled my clit simultaneously. In a flash, I learned why she had come undone when I’d used this trick on her. Then she took things a step further. She pushed her finger into my ass and stroked me from the inside.

I absolutely lost my ability to control myself. I writhed against her,

bucking and begging as what felt like a never-ending stream of orgasms occurred within me, one after another, exploding like fireworks. I couldn’t remember anything feeling so decadent. Trish pulled away and looked down at me. She seemed pleased with herself. I knew I must have looked entirely demolished. I leaned up to kiss her sweet lips, then collapsed back onto the plush carpet. Trish stood and poured us each a glass of champagne. I didn’t think there was any way that we were done. But we needed sustenance in the form of bubbly. The pink champagne worked perfectly. The bubbles rose in the flutes, and I felt them popping inside my mouth.

The champagne loosened something inside Trish. She said, “I have something else to tell you.”

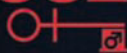
“More than the dream?”

She blushed to the roots of her short hair. I hadn’t ever seen her look so pretty before. She said, “When you arrived, I’d stopped working to take a break.”

“Well, look at all the work you’ve

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been doing. It's incredible."

"That's not what I mean. I mean that I took a *break*." She opened her eyes wide, trying to give me a message silently. I looked down and realized what she was telling me. "You were masturbating when I arrived?" Now everything was starting to make sense. The strange way she'd been acting. The almost guilty quality to her behavior. She'd been jerking off when I showed up, and she'd been thinking of me!

I couldn't have been more flattered.

"But we still haven't done the big event," I said, savoring the bubbles on my tongue. "Let's sixty-nine."

Now that we had sated the immediate

knew it. So working as a solitary unit to reach mutual climaxes, we took each other to a higher level.

I've sixty-nined with my share of boy-friends over the years, but nestling my face between my friend's thighs was something entirely different. Her scent was womanly, of course. As was her ambrosia-like honey. But there was something primal about eating another woman's box. I'd never really thought about what it would be like to go down on a woman. But I knew that this day was not going to be a one-off for me. I didn't think I'd ever get enough of Trish's body.

When I could sense she was nearing her climax, I did what she'd dreamed

She pulled me to her,
and we began to eat each other's
pussy. This was the most
intricate and divine lovemaking I'd
ever experienced.

need for carnal pleasure, we could take our time. I spread Trish out on the carpet and climbed astride her. She pulled me to her at once, and we began to eat each other's pussy in tandem. This was the most intricate and divine lovemaking I'd ever experienced.

Trish seemed to be feeling the same way. She peeled apart my nether lips so she could really focus directly on the hot button of my clit. I told myself not to pay attention to what she was doing and to expend all my energy on making her come. But that was difficult. Whenever she employed a new trick, I wanted to halt in my own sucking games and bask in the glow of her magical tongue. That wouldn't have been fair, though, and I

about once more. I taunted her asshole with my fingertip. But this time, as she had dripped her juices all over her split, I pushed my finger in to the knuckle, then made a spiral rotation. She cried out and creamed, and I felt her muscles tightening and releasing on my probing digit. Then, as if not to be outdone, she touched me in a similar way. I climaxed in a rush, grinding down on her face as Trish's dream came true for me, as well.

We cleaned up in her pink powder room together before heading back to my place for an encore. Trying on dresses could wait for another day. It was much more fun undressing the dress-maker and trying out all sorts of erotic activities with her!

libido | noun | li-bi-do

- 1: A person's desire to have sex.
- 2: Instinctual psychic energy that in psychoanalytic theory is derived from primitive biological urges (as for sexual pleasure or self-preservation) and that is expressed in conscious activity.



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Bisexuality letters





**A MIDWEEK STAYCATION
REMINDS THIS BEACH BEAUTY
ABOUT THE POWER OF TIME OFF
AND THE PLEASURE OF TURNING ON**

A day of solitude was exactly what the doctor ordered. At least, it was exactly what I ordered. I'd been under considerable stress at work, and when a day miraculously opened up in my busy calendar, I leaped at the chance of freedom. Early in the morning, I climbed into my convertible and drove a few hours away to the beach. This was one of my favorite locations, not the type of well-known spot brimming with tourists, but one that only locals utilized. I knew about the getaway because one special local had brought me there the previous summer.

Middle of the week, middle of the day,

I parked in the tiny lot and ambled down the half-mile dirt path to the beach. Solitude, sweet solitude. I was transported. Gone were the crowds, the chaos, the noise of the city. That's when I saw someone sprawled out on the float twenty yards away from the beach.

Well, that didn't matter. He or she could have the float, and I'd have the beach. My fantasy of being alone with myself wasn't harmed in the slightest. I shook out my blanket, took off my t-shirt and pulled down my shorts. Then I was in my red polka-dot bikini, feeling as if I'd landed on an island paradise. Just me . . . well, me and the stranger on the water.

I wondered if he or she was looking at me. I wondered if I'd spoiled that person's desire for a day of solitude. The clouds had burned off, and sun, like melting honey, warmed the beach. I rolled over, and I cupped my hands to my face to see if I could catch the stranger again.

With a start, I realized the float was empty. *Had the person swum down to the next beach? Or was the stranger . . .* as I was in the midst of thinking this, the swimmer stood and strode through the last few feet of aqua water. It was Michaela—the woman who had taken me to the beach the summer before.

"I had a feeling," she said as she shook the water from her long, curly hair. "I thought that was you." Michaela was an artist who lived full-time in the beach resort. We'd met when I'd visited her studio in town. When I'd bought one of her paintings, she'd thanked me by taking me here.

"How could you tell?"

"Same bikini. Same posture. You stand like nobody else."

I blushed. "What do you mean?"

"There's something so independent to your attitude. You stood there

and surveyed the beach. Like it was yours. Like you were the queen of all the waves."

"The queen in a bikini," I joked.

"Or out of one?"

She raised an eyebrow at me. I looked around. Midweek. No tourists. Half a mile down the hill. We'd hear anyone approaching. I motioned to the blanket. She nodded toward the ties at my hips. She lost her simple black one-piece and stood before me, a tanned goddess, exactly as I'd remembered her. In the crash of a wave, I was naked. In the ripple of the water, I was astride her. Our bodies fit well together. Her skin was still damp from the water. Mine was damp from desire.

"I missed this," Michaela said as she gripped my hips.

"We never fucked," I reminded her before I worked one of her erect nipples between my lips. I suckled hard, and she drew in a deep breath and sighed. "We never even kissed," I said when I leaned back.

"But we *should* have. And we missed out." Her eyes glittered like sunlight on the water. Yeah. Why hadn't we fucked when I'd stayed at the vacation rental? Because I was too caught up in my work. Because I couldn't relax for real, not even on vacation.

Now I was relaxed, my whole body loose and limber as I set my palms on her shoulders and rotated my hips. We were cunt-to-cunt, naked on a beach blanket. Michaela groaned and grabbed me tightly to her. We both needed a friction we weren't quite receiving. I slid my legs around one of her muscular thighs. She let me rub against her for a moment before pushing me down, letting me know with her urgent hands on my shoulders exactly what she wanted from me.

I dove into her pussy with a force she wasn't prepared for. She cried

out as I slid my tongue around her clit. The nectar waiting for me was delicious. I started to lap directly at her hole. "Oh damn, that's good," she whispered to me as I licked in concentric circles next. "I dreamed about you doing this to me when we met." I mentally kicked myself for not having made the move the summer before. But then I let those useless thoughts fade away as I relished the taste of her. Since she'd just swum in the water, her skin held the salty taste of the ocean mixed with her own personal sensual flavor.

ing was so similar to our personalities. I was hard and fast. She was slow and easy. She spread me wider with her hands, and then she made languid, almost lazy rotations of her tongue around my clitoris. I wanted to yell. I wanted to demand that she make me come. But something in me quieted that inner monologue. She was teaching me something. She was telling me to be patient, to let go.

So I did.

I closed my eyes. The sunlight made patterns through my shut lids. I stroked her damp curls. She purred



When I made her come, she grew entirely quiet. The only way I could tell that she'd reached her peak was by how her body quivered on top of mine. Then she went limp, but only for a moment. She seemed to catch her breath quickly, moving on the blanket to return the favor. I spread my legs in anticipation. I could not wait to feel her mouth on me. My body felt lit up with impending joy.

Michaela employed a different technique than I had. Where I'd been near desperate to seal my mouth to her, she took her time. Our lovemak-

against me. I listened with all parts of me—listened to my inner voices calming down, listened to the birds on the water.

I felt as if I were floating on the waves as she licked me. I felt as if all of the tension was disappearing from my body and soul. It had been a good idea to come out to the beach. Finding Michaela was an unexpected bonus.

Finally, when I thought I might implode or explode into a million ricocheting stars if she did not let me reach the prize, she focused her at-

tention more exclusively on my clit. She pursed her lips and sucked, and I threw my head back and came. The pleasure was intense, immense, like no climax I'd experienced before. Maybe it was because we were outside, surrounded with nature. Or maybe it was because of Michaela. Whatever the reason, I was desperate to do that again.

"Oh, God, that was amazing," I said when I could speak again.

"Wait until we fuck for real," she replied.

We swam out to the float together, and then lay on the old wooden boards, basking as we prepared ourselves for round two.

"Do you have to rush back to the city?" Michaela queried, entwining one leg with mine.

"What city?" I asked as I made mental plans to call in sick for the rest of the week.

*Ms. Ophelia M.,
San Francisco, California*

AN HONEST ERROR BRINGS TWO MEN TOGETHER IN THE HOTTEST WAY POSSIBLE—NO MISTAKE ABOUT IT!

When I saw the handsome blond guy walk into my apartment, I probably should have behaved differently. A normal reaction for a man seeing another guy unexpectedly enter his abode might have been, "Who the fuck are you?" or "What do you think you're doing here?" I looked up and down, appreciating the stranger's attractive physique and feeling my bisexual urges spike. Without any hint of surprise or judgment coloring my voice, I said, "How can you help me?"

He appeared totally startled. His hand was on the front doorknob. I realized now I'd failed to lock the door when I'd arrived home from work. "I'm sorry," he said. "I was supposed

to drop off something for Rick?" He indicated a thick manila envelope. "I was told that the door would be open, and I was asked to leave this right inside."

"Rick lives next door," I replied, and the man started to apologize profusely, but I was already in motion, standing and walking to his side. "You're a delivery boy?" That didn't sound right. The term "boy." Not for someone so clearly a man, and a perfect specimen of a man in so many ways. He wasn't dressed like a delivery boy, either. He had on a blue work shirt and a pair of khakis that molded to his figure, showing off a trim waist, broad chest, a nice ass.

"Something from the office," he said. "The address was on my way home, and I said I'd do it. I'm the new guy, so I felt I couldn't say no."

He didn't seem to be in any rush to leave. I wondered if it was because he'd had the time to check me out, as well.

"I'm Aaron," I said, holding out my hand. I felt good standing there in no shirt and my jeans. I'd hit the gym after work, had taken a shower, and was now simply welcoming the end to a long, strenuous week.

"Neil," he said, and we shook hands and then stood there right inside the door of my apartment. I could have leaned over and kissed him. I could have licked the side of his neck. I wanted to do those things and more. I wondered if he felt the heat rapidly building between the two of us.

"I'm just chilling with a beer," I told him. "The end of a long day—the end of a long week, really. Could I offer you a drink?"

"You could offer me something," he said, his dark eyes locked on mine.

I threw caution to the wind then and did exactly what I'd imagined. I kissed him. He dropped the enve-

lope and kicked the door shut behind him. Then he gripped me in his arms and spun me around so that my back was against the door and he was pressing his body to mine. I felt the length of his cock through his khakis. I wanted to see that organ for myself. When we broke the kiss, I slid easily to my knees and started to unbuckle his belt.

Neil looked down at me, his brown eyes already slightly glazed with pleasure.

"I fought traffic to get here," he said softly as I worked the cold metal buckle and opened the belt. "I had to circle the block three times before I found a parking spot." I unzipped his pants and then pulled down both his

for me to resume the blowjob. I fisted his dick and continued to look up at him.

"Tell me," I said. "Tell me what you like to watch while I suck you off."

Then I was back in motion, working his dick between my lips, basking in the way it felt to be blowing a man I'd only met minutes before. Neil gently let his fingertips trail through my short hair, and his voice was raw as he said, "Whatever catches my fancy. I like watching men suck off other men. Sometimes one on one. Sometimes a whole room. Depends."

"Keep talking," I said when I paused for air again.

"No," he said, and he pulled me to my feet. "I'd rather use my mouth for

Fuck going slow.
Fuck taking our time. I wanted the
warm wet heaven
of his eager mouth around my bone.

khakis and the striped red-and-black boxer briefs beneath. "I was cursing the whole time," he continued, "wishing I'd never offered to make the delivery." I brought my mouth to the tip of his cock and gave him one small, chaste kiss. "Why had I offered? I wished I were home with a beer and my sweats on. Watching something on the tube." I took more of his lovely cock in my mouth. His skin was warm and smooth. He felt right in my mouth. "Watching porn," he continued, and I looked up at him. He smiled at me and stroked my hair off my face.

I paused for a breath and said, "What sort of porn?"

"Anything with hot guys fucking each other," he said, and he waited

something else." That's all I needed to hear. We stripped right then, and I led him naked to my bedroom. We climbed into a sixty-nine immediately, Neil on the bottom and me on top. I resumed the blowjob, with as much gusto as I'd employed before, and now Neil showed me what he could do. He met my dick with his tongue and licked the head slowly. I groaned and sucked him even harder. He seemed to appreciate the way my throat vibrated with the sound because he worked to make me groan again. He let his hands slip around me to stroke my ass. I bucked into his mouth. Fuck going slow. Fuck taking our time. I wanted the warm wet heaven of his eager mouth around my hard bone. Neil

didn't let me down.

In seconds, we were working in tandem. I was sucking him, and he was sucking me. He used the perfect rhythm as he worked me. He drew intensely on my dick at first, then amped down the pressure, swallowing me as far down as I could get. Then he backed off and licked the head of my dick again—taking turns with the way he treated me.

I couldn't believe how good his mouth felt. I've had my share of blowjobs, but Neil really knew what he was doing.

Everything he did took my pleasure to a new level. I tried to mimic the motions he made, echoing the little tricks he employed. When I heard him moan, I felt vindicated. I knew I was making him feel as good as he was making me feel. True success was when he pulled back and whispered, "I'm going to come, man. If you keep doing that, I'm going to come." I kept doing what I was doing, and in seconds I had a mouthful of Neil's seed as a reward. Neil was a true gentleman. He hardly allowed himself a moment to catch his breath before he resumed the blowjob on me, slurping up my rock-hard rod while using one hand to probe between my asscheeks and tap on my hole.

I came like a geyser, not only filling his mouth, but spilling my semen on his lips and chin. I moved off him, and he wiped his hand over his face and then licked up all the stray drops. That sent a shiver through me, the fact that he seemed unable to get enough.

Sitting next to each other on the bed, I caught Neil looking at the bottle of lube on my nightstand. He reached for the container and motioned me to roll onto my stomach. I did so immediately, feeling my dick growing stiff again in no time.

"You know," Neil said as he started

to lube up my asshole, "I'll probably have to deliver something else on Monday. I'm the new guy after all," he reiterated.

"And I can't say no," I told him, smiling into the pillows as I waited for the first push.

*Mr. Aaron R.,
Hollywood, California*

NEW EMPLOYEE GETS ACQUAINTED WITH HER CURVY COWORKER

I spotted her at the meet-and-greet. My company had hired thirty new employees and had insisted on a party to introduce the existing employees to the newbies. Being an IT company, there were plenty of nerds, geeks and out-of-the-box thinkers, which made the party easier to deal with. I'm not much of a party girl.

Wendy had bright green streaks in her hair, rhinestone cat's-eye glasses, and a hot pink retro dress that showed off some abundant curves and a rack to die for.

I made my way over with my plastic cup of wine. I figured I'd work up the nerve to talk to her by the time I crossed the room.

I didn't have to worry. She grabbed me first and said, "I love your earrings. Very cool to see a fellow time-travel geek in the herd."

I smiled. "Ah, who doesn't love a good time-travel jaunt?" I answered, alluding to the sci-fi show that inspired my jewelry.

"So, this is what this group does for fun? Eighties music, cheap booze, and all of us packed in a room like chickens?"

"You have to cut the bosses a little slack. They're just like us, so party planning isn't a forte. Maybe they should have thrown a giant RPG party."

"Now you're talking," she said. She stuck out her hand and said, "Wendy. I'm new."

"I'm old," I said, giving her my name. "Okay, maybe not old, but I'm an existing employee. I've been here for six years."

She moved closer to me, the side of one pillowy breast pressing against my arm. The heat that came off her was tantalizing.

"I need some air," she said. "If one more guy hits on me, I'm going to run screaming into the night."

My nipples tightened inside my bra when she grabbed my hand and tugged.

"You're not seeing any guys who do it for you, huh?" I asked tentatively.

"Guys don't usually do it for me," she said with a wink. "I prefer girls."

She crushed out her smoke and pushed me back against a concrete planter, then her soft, red-painted lips met mine. Her tongue was eager and wet and tasted of white wine and cigarettes. She pressed that curvy, soft body against me. I felt my pussy grow wet and then contract expectantly around nothing.

"I noticed you my first day. My cattle pen—I mean cubicle—is only four down from yours. I was intrigued."

"I noticed you, too," I mumbled even as she stroked a delicate finger up my black velvet leggings. She finally swept her fingertips across the apex of my thighs, and my pulse leapt. My pussy beat a steady rhythm along with my heart.

She pressed that
curvy, soft body against me. I felt
my pussy grow wet
and then contract expectantly.

But don't tell them. Their little hearts will be crushed."

I laughed as she swept me along. It would be freezing outside, but I'd follow her anyway. After all, she gave off enough heat for the two of us.

Out on the patio lit with fairy lights, we found solitude. It was too chilly for anyone to be out there but us.

"You look cold," she said, lighting a cigarette.

"A bit."

"So, if I kiss you do you think you'd warm up?" She cocked an eyebrow as she said the words. The glasses, the dress, the bawdy disposition. I was starting to picture Wendy as the bossy, mouthy receptionist in a noir film.

"I think I might."

"Did you?"

"I did."

"Good. Then you won't mind if I touch you. I know it's cold, but it's private here." Her mouth was back on mine, and her small hand, warm and incredibly silken, slid beneath my waistband. She grinned when she found me without undergarments. "Oh, commando. I like it."

Her fingers slipped expertly over my outer lips, parted me. She found my clit in record time and surprised me by giving it a little pinch. I gasped, and she giggled. Then she kissed me again, sucking my tongue as if it were a dick. My entire body went hot, and the cold was entirely forgotten.

She pulled back and gave my

throat a quick swipe with her tongue. Then her mouth moved to my collarbone. I grabbed her festive hair and dragged her back for a kiss. She chose that moment to push her fingers inside me, a thick bundle that she thrust deep and hard, finding that perfect, secret spot with her fingertips as she sucked my tongue once more.

"I don't usually do this," she said, against my mouth. "Finger-fuck a new lover where I could get caught at a company function."

I gasped as her thumb pressed against my clit. Heat and pleasure flooded my pelvis and my pussy.

"No?" I managed.

"Nope. But in the office, I couldn't

spidey senses say we might be interrupted. So I propose—" Her breath was hot on my pussy lips as she spoke, and I tried mightily to comprehend her words. "That you come for me and then come home with me. Interested?"

I could only nod.

She pressed her mouth to me then. Her tongue explored my folds, licking across my clit with expert precision. She sucked and lapped and daubed it with her little, hot tongue until I was clutching the edge of the planter, fearing I'd shatter it.

I thrust my hips forward, feeling the thump of music from inside echoing in my body. I worried we'd get caught but also secretly got off on

She pressed her
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hit on you . . . or do this." She flexed her fingers inside my cunt and then drove them deep three times in a row, the movement so fast and sudden I lifted up on my toes. I prayed that no one would come out here and interrupt us. "I had to bide my time until this shindig and hope you were attending. Lucky me," she said, stroking my clit faster. She brushed the tip of her thumb back and forth across it so that my mind went muddy and I was tongue-tied. "You *did* attend."

"I'm glad I came," I blurted out.

"Well, you haven't done that yet," she quipped. She dropped fast and tugged the front of my leggings down enough to expose my pussy. "We're running out of time, I think. My

the idea of someone seeing us.

When she slid her fingers back inside me and sucked me hard I came, biting into the side of my hand to stifle my cries.

She stood fast, pulled my pants up and kissed my lips. "Now let us reen-ter the soiree. Then we'll wait an hour or so, and you can come home with me. I have lots of other things I'd like to do with you. Game?"

"Am I game?" I tried to joke, my knees weak and my head swimming. "I dig time travel, geeks, and pretty girls with green in their hair. Do I sound like I wouldn't be game?"

She nudged me playfully. "I knew I'd like you."

*Ms. Ava D.,
Chicago, Illinois*



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KENNA

Kenna is new to the neighborhood, but she realizes right away that she's caught the eye of the handsome man next door. She lives her life with the blinds open, giving him a window into her sexy world. She feels like she's a living, breathing work of art on display for her special audience of one. Kenna is seductively brazen, meeting his eyes as he stares in wide-eyed wonder at this naughty nymph.











No act is too private for Kenna. She doesn't hide her beautiful body as she strips down and shows her admirer how turned on she is. Being on display comes naturally to her, and she's happy to share her most orgasmic moments. But what she truly craves is some company.











As the days go by, Kenna grows bolder—and so does her neighbor. He doesn't hide his excitement, and when she invites him to her place for a wet and wild afternoon, he rushes over so they can put on their own passionate performance.



Swinging



By Nora Bishop



The Husband Swap

**Two women discover the perfect fit
when they swap husbands with each other
for a night of intense passion.**

THE CLOTHES swap was something I looked forward to during the year. A night when all of my girlfriends and I gathered together and exchanged clothes we no longer were in love with. One woman's too tight jeans were another woman's ass-hugging miracle. But at the end of this year's swap, something unusual happened.

Although the room had been filled with more than twenty women during the high point of the evening, almost all of the guests had left. It was just my best friend, Cindy, helping me pack up the leftovers for the thrift store and discussing our various acquisitions. I was

"I don't have much of value," I reminded her. Car bills. College loan. Rent.

"I wouldn't say that," she countered, and her voice held a teasing note that I could have sworn was flirtatious. Cindy and I have been friends for years. I know most of her ticks and tricks, but I didn't understand what she was getting at. As if on cue, the front door opened. Her husband, Darren, entered the house with Todd—two athletic guys brushing snow from their shoulders and stomping their feet in the hallway. Cindy raised her eyebrows at me, looked at the men, and then back at me. Suddenly, I thought I understood what she was trying to tell me. The "something" of value she was talking

My body felt tingly
all over. I was desperately excited
and seriously hopeful
that Todd was thinking the same
thing I was.

thrilled with a new-to-me silk scarf covered in butterflies and a long cobalt sweater coat that would go with all of my favorite items in my closet.

"The trick to a good swap is going in open-minded. If you are open to new possibilities, you'll have much more successful selecting," Cindy said as we puttered around her living room, fixing up the place.

"I know," I told her. "I wasn't expecting to find anything, and look at my score!" I modeled the scarf for her.

"That's exactly my point," Cindy said, smiling at me. "Everything should be like this. Trading. Bartering. Swapping." When she said the last word, she looked pointedly at me.

about was my Todd! In a flash, I went hot all over at the thought. Apparently, her man had been filling in Todd with the same concept, because my husband's eyes were bright, and he seemed to want to talk to me. In private. Right away.

The two of us went to the kitchen together, and we simultaneously began to speak. "Cindy wants . . ." I started, overlapping with Todd who began, "Darren said . . ."

"You first," I told him.

"No, you."

We stood in their kitchen for a moment, neither of us able to put the desires into words. My body felt tingly all over. I was desperately excited and seriously hopeful that Todd was thinking the same



thing I was. My man wrapped me tight in his arms and kissed me. I could feel the chill on him from outside, but that did nothing to tamp down my heat. The passion in his kiss was a good sign. Then he said, “Darren and I went out for a beer while you ladies traded clothes. While we were out, he told me that Cindy had shared this fantasy with him. One in which she wants to . . .”

“Fuck you?” I finished gleefully.

He nodded. He looked thrilled and nervous at the same time.

“What did you say?” I asked him. I could picture the two men at the local brewery. I wondered how long it had taken Darren to get up the courage to share this bit of information about my best friend.

“I said I had to talk to my wife. And we came back here.”

“Right then?”

“Right now.”

“And what did you want to say to your wife?” I asked, kidding him. I could tell his cock was hard. I could guess he

was interested. He simply wanted my permission, which was perfect because that’s exactly what I wanted from him. Permission to have sex with Darren. I’d always thought the hunky handyman was particularly sexy. Now that I knew his wife wanted to fuck my man and that he wanted to do me, well, he was even more attractive.

What I hadn’t gotten the chance to tell Cindy—what she had no way of knowing—was that this was a treasured fantasy of Todd’s and mine, as well. We lost many pleasurable hours talking about what it would be like to share ourselves with another couple. No, we hadn’t acted on our desires, but only because we didn’t know where to start. We weren’t “personal ad” type of people. We didn’t go to swingers clubs. Swapping spouses didn’t come up in casual conversation—generally speaking. So we’d simply fantasized to this point.

Darren suddenly poked his head into the kitchen. “So what’s the verdict?” he asked. He looked unbelievably hand-

some at that moment, his dark hair pushed casually off his forehead, his eyes practically devouring me. I could tell he already knew the answer. He had that big grin on his wolfish face. I couldn't help but smile back at him. "The answer's yes," I said, adding as an afterthought, "but go slow. We've never done anything like this before."

"Neither have we," Darren said.

Cindy called out, "Liar!" from the other room, and I felt curiosity beat through me. How often had they done this sort of thing? Why had they picked us? Why had Cindy never told me before?

Darren ushered us into the living

bootleg jeans and champagne-colored halter. This was Cindy standing in the living room in only an aqua bra-and-panty set looking as if she'd walked off the set of a dirty movie. Her curves were spectacular, plush hips, lush breasts, and yet her body was toned all over. Being a yoga instructor keeps her in top shape.

"This other couple," Todd prompted.

"They had the room next door to us. We first noticed them because of the sexy sounds coming from their place. Sighs and moans. The occasional yip of pleasure. We made jokes that they must be on their honeymoon. They went at it all the time."

"Cindy got the idea that we should

Darren smiled
at me and came closer. He put his
hands around my waist
and started to kiss the side of my neck.
I looked at Todd.

room. Cindy had finished putting the clothing into bags and the room had been returned to normal. But nothing felt normal to me. Darren was looking at me with sheer lust in his gaze. Cindy had her eyes on Todd.

"You've done this before how many times?" I asked.

"Once," Cindy said.

"It wasn't really that big a deal," Darren said. "We were on vacation . . ."

"And we met this other couple," Cindy said. She was starting to undress as she spoke. Both men watched her. I'd seen her dress and undress all evening as she tried on different items of clothing. But this felt far removed from that innocent event. This was Cindy taking off her

make noises of our own."

"That got their attention," Cindy said. "As soon as we started making our own sounds, they stopped, and we could guess they were listening. Then they ratcheted up their lovemaking sounds, and we both went at it beat for beat."

She was undressing Todd now. He looked as if he was in a state of near-bliss already, the beautiful Cindy helping him out of his clothes. She undid the buttons on his shirt and then started to kiss her way down his treasure line. I felt my heart beating rambunctiously in my chest. Another woman was kissing my man, kissing him as she moved down toward his cock. How did I feel about that? I felt that I needed to catch up and quick!

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Darren looked at me. I looked back at him. I didn't need him to help me with my outfit. I'd worn easy-access attire knowing I'd be putting on and taking off clothes all evening. I whipped my lavender tank dress over my head. Then I waited to see what would happen next. I had on striped boyshorts and a racer-back bra beneath. Darren smiled at me and came closer. He put his hands around my waist and started to kiss the side of my neck. I looked at Todd. His eyes were wide as Cindy, on her knees, undid his slacks and pulled down his boxers. She was definitely the aggressor in their union. When Todd and I are on our own, he always takes charge. He

look like. To my complete surprise, I found that I appreciated being a voyeur. Watching Todd's reaction to Cindy's moist mouth sent a current straight to my clit. I couldn't help myself. Echoing Cindy's actions, I reached into my panties to stroke myself. When Darren noticed what I was doing, he was filled with encouragement.

"That's right," he said. "Touch yourself while you watch Cindy and your man. Watch while she sucks him so hard, so deep. I love the way Cindy's mouth feels on me. She knows how to use the perfect amount of pressure. I'm sure Todd is in heaven right now."

Todd definitely *looked* like he was in

Watching Todd's reaction to Cindy's mouth sent a current straight to my clit. I reached into my panties to stroke myself.

seemed to appreciate the fact that Cindy was acting like a she-cat in heat. She had one hand between her legs, stroking her pussy as she admired Todd's bobbing erection.

"The next morning," Darren said, "this attractive couple came over to us at breakfast. They introduced themselves as our neighbors, and they asked if we might want to try making those sexy sounds together instead of through a flimsy hotel wall."

"We agreed," Cindy said before placing her lips on my husband's erect cock. I felt a fluttery sensation in my chest then. I'd never seen my husband receive a blowjob before. It had never even occurred to me to imagine what that would

heaven. In fact, I wasn't entirely sure if he was even paying attention to our conversation until he said, "Why don't you show Darren what you can do, babe? You know, introduce him to that luscious mouth of yours."

So he was aware of his surroundings even as Cindy ducked and began to nibble and tickle his balls. I went to my knees, mirroring Cindy's current position on their soft carpet, and Darren whipped out his dick and let me admire his erection for the first time.

Somehow I managed to pause before leaping. I wanted to really revel in this new and exotic experience. I hadn't been with another man for years. Darren's rod was a little thicker than my husband's,

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a little longer maybe, too. I caught his bobbing cockhead in my mouth. Then I started to blow him. A whole array of emotions flared through me. My first thought was simple: *Yum*. Darren tasted good, his skin had an appealing warmth, a semi-salty tang. My taste buds were immediately thrilled. My second thought was more complicated. This was the first man I'd been with in any capacity since before Todd and I were married. I found the activity so arousing that my pussy positively gushed at the thought. By the time Darren got around to taking my underpants down, he was in for a treat.

That happened faster than I would have expected. Suddenly, Darren was

took a breath. "So damn wet. And you taste amazing."

"Doesn't she?" Todd asked, and I realized that for a second I'd forgotten my husband was even in the room. I re-focused my attention on Darren's dick, wanting to make him feel as elated as I was. I blew him, and he sucked on my clit with a fervor that took me to the edge in no time. I thought I would dissolve from the overwhelming pleasure he brought me with his tongue.

Cindy was a lucky lady! Darren knew his way around a clit like nobody's business. He started by simply sucking on me fiercely and with purpose. I did my best to return the action for him, licking

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pushing me away from him and holding up a finger. I watched as he peeled off his clothes and got comfortable on the sofa, motioning for me to climb astride him in a sixty-nine. Back his cock slid into my mouth, but this time, he anchored me with his mouth on my split. I groaned as his tongue made contact with my clit for the first time. I moaned, unable to stay quiet. Spurred on by my response, Darren began to lick up and down between my pussy lips as if he was searching out every drop of my juices. He worked me a little harder with his tongue than Todd generally does. It wasn't better than what I'm used to—but it was different, and I liked that.

"You're so wet," Darren said when he

his cock with equally forceful strokes.

Darren and I were so focused on our mission that although I could hear the melody of Cindy's sighs and the lullaby of Todd's moans, I relegated the noises to background music. My husband was partaking of another man's wife. That was a fact. But I was too consumed by the proximity of my climax to pay them attention.

My lover slid a finger across my slit to gather up my dew. Then he began to finger-fuck me. It wasn't that he worked me better than Todd—it was the difference that sent me and took me to my first shattering climax of the evening.

I didn't stop sucking on Darren as the orgasm overcame me. I channeled

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my pleasure into action, really working him as the featherlight sensations danced through my body.

When I came up for air, I looked over at my husband and my best friend. Todd had Cindy on all fours facing away from him. He was doing her doggy-style, and I realized again how exciting it was for me to see my husband from this vantage point. When I'm the one getting fucked like this, I never have the opportunity to witness what he looks like—except in a mirror. This was different from watching my own reflection. This was being able to witness Todd's expressions change, the way his body moved, the whole experience of seeing him as a powerful

without giving me a beat to pause, Darren was in motion. I got the feeling he was going to do exactly what Todd had suggested. I waited while he left the room. When he returned, he had a bottle of lube in his hand and a blanket. He spread the blanket on the floor and then looked at me. How did I want to do this? I thought for a moment, then took up the same position Cindy had recently been in: hands and knees, facing away from my new partner.

He lubed me up gently and thoroughly. Then he handed the bottle of lube over to Todd, who seemed particularly pleased with the erotic turn of events.

Darren pushed his cock into my pussy.

Having Darren's
thicker cock wedged between my
asscheeks stirred me in
a brand-new way. I reached out and
held Cindy's hand.

sexual creature without being linked to him.

Todd met my eyes. Then he said, "You know what she really loves, Darren? She loves anal. Do you guys do anal?"

Cindy squealed her assent. She seemed to like that idea a lot. I watched her waggle her hips at Todd, who grinned at me. *"Just helping out,"* the look on his face said. *"Giving you what you want, even when I'm not the one giving it."*

Darren nipped at me then, reminding me to whom I was connected. He nipped me and sucked hard once more, and I felt myself free-falling into a second orgasm, this one somehow even more powerful than the first.

Without waiting for me to recover,

He was rock-hard from the blowjob and clearly amped up by the thought of what we were about to do. Apparently, he was still able to talk through the erotic haze.

"When we met the other couple that night," he said, continuing the story, "we weren't sure how to proceed. So we ended up simply fucking side by side."

"Kind of like this," Cindy said.

"Except we were with our own spouses."

"Not like this." Cindy giggled.

"It was still sexy," Darren said as his cock drove inside me. "But it made both of us want to try something else, something more, something different."

I watched as Todd greased up Cindy's asshole. I felt my pussy start to spasm.



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I wasn't coming again, but I was close. The whole evening was working like a powerful aphrodisiac on me. I had reached a new plane, a higher level, than I'd ever been at before. And then Darren pulled out of me, set his cock against my own backdoor, and waited.

What was he waiting for? For me to give him permission? For me to ask him to go forward? No. I actually caught a look pass from Todd's eyes to Darren's, and I realized they were going to take us in tandem.

Holy fuck. Cindy and I made eye contact as Darren and Todd plunged forward. I cried out. So did she. This was sublime. My favorite way to fuck is anal.

ing his hips into my ass and then staying sealed as he unloaded into me.

I rubbed my clit fiercely to make sure I got off, too, and Cindy finished last, whimpering as Todd pulled out and simply stroked her butt hole over and over to extend her climax.

We all pulled apart from one another then, untangling limbs and bodies as we fought to recover. I felt sticky and used in the most delicious way possible.

"That was unbelievable," Todd said, looking totally stunned.

"I'm not sure," Darren said, and I looked at him, startled. Had he not enjoyed what we'd just done? My heart fell. "I think I need to try that again," he

I rubbed my clit
fiercely to make sure I got off, too,
and Cindy finished last,
whimpering as Todd pulled out and
stroked her butt hole.

Having Darren's slightly thicker cock wedged between my asscheeks stirred me in a brand-new way. I reached out and held Cindy's hand. She squeezed me back. Then Todd slid one hand under her and began to pluck her clit while he fucked her butt.

Darren picked up that trick quickly, and I cried out again. This couldn't get any better, could it? There was no way. Except suddenly Todd seemed to reach his limits. He said, "Cindy, I'm going to fill your tight ass with my cream."

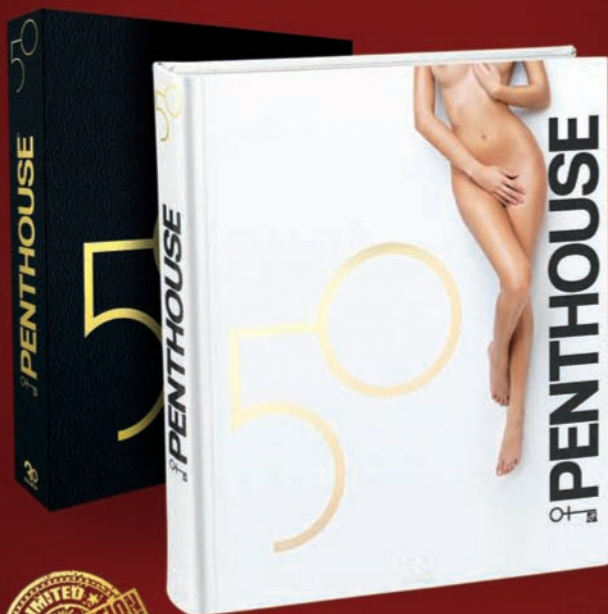
Darren grunted at hearing Todd's words. The comment seemed to bring him to his own limits, knowing that my husband was emptying his load into Darren's wife. In a heartbeat, he was grind-

said as he lifted me up. Relief flooded me. He was joking! "We'll be in the master bathroom in the shower, if you guys want to take the guest room."

I started laughing as he slung me over his shoulder and carried me down the hall. I lifted up my head so that I could see Todd and Cindy were getting up, too. And I guessed that we had a long night of pleasure ahead for the four of us.

The clothing swap had been successful, but as Darren began to soap me beneath the shower spray, I felt as if I'd scored the most major prize of all. My fantasy had become reality—in the presence of the best friends (and best husband) any woman could ever have. And I wouldn't swap *that* for anything!

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Exhibitionism

Live and in the Flesh

There is nothing so sublime as performing on a stage for a room of strangers as Kara discovers again and again.



By Kara Manco





BEING AN ACTOR means surrendering something of yourself—your *real* self during every performance. I have wanted to act professionally since I was young. This inner yearning drove me to attend a liberal arts college I couldn't really afford. I worked dueling waitressing jobs while throwing myself into acting classes. I barely had time for sleep, much less sex. But being a healthy young woman, the carnal need would burst out from time to time, overriding all other considerations.

In addition to waiting tables, I modeled for an art class. One day, I staggered in, exhausted. Making my way through the semicircle of easels, I noticed a woman my age already on the dais where the models stood. The teacher, a man in

this sixties, was talking a blonde-haired girl who was wearing a robe.

"Ah, Ms. Manco!" The teacher gestured me up onto the dais. "Now we can get started. Class, attention!"

He didn't even introduce us. She had a delicate complexion and winsome blue eyes. When she dropped her robe, I saw she was svelte but well toned. Her breasts were nicely shaped, with perky pink nipples. As I let my robe go, I caught her giving me a smoldering smile. I tried not to read anything into that. I was tired, and it was going to be all I could do to remain upright for this session.

The teacher positioned us. I stood apart from the other model, one hand on my bare hip, my other hand at my lips. Her stance also suggested surprise at an unexpected meeting.



I settled in, zoning out. Charcoals and pencils scratched big sheets of paper. Being nude in front of the students no longer made me self-conscious. I knew I had a fine, desirable body. Besides, this was sort of like acting.

After a few minutes, my eyes refocused, and I saw the blonde gazing at me with that sultry expression again. Her blue eyes glittered. A flush of desire came over me. It almost annoyed me. I would have to stare for an hour at this attractive naked female without moving. It was frustration I didn't need.

Suddenly, the teacher bustled up onto the dais, rearranged us, and barked instructions at the class. He explained nothing to us. Now, we were standing closer. The blonde looked like someone who had just gasped.

The would-be artists scribbled away. I found myself imagining this as a scene. We had just come upon each other in, say, a forest. Sunlight dappled our bare forms. It didn't matter why we were both naked. The nudity was dreamlike, a component of this fantasy. I told myself that we didn't know one another. Strangers, startled and unclothed . . . and perhaps aroused.

My skin tingled. I felt that first real rush of excitement, the one that told me my body wanted sex—*now*. Of course, that wasn't going to happen. Maybe this sleek blonde would let me pounce on her after class, but for the moment we were frozen, pinned by the gazes of a dozen eager artists. Their eyes on my body fanned the flames of my lust.

The teacher hopped up and reposed

us again. This was occurring about every five minutes, I realized. The students must be sketching us like a paneled cartoon, with rows of individual drawings conveying movement.

Somehow that made my scene in the forest seem all the more real. I was interacting with this other woman in starts and stops. At this point, only a foot of space separated us. She was reaching toward my face. My hand was caught halfway rising to her left tit.

I seriously wanted to give her a squeeze. I also wanted to suck her nipple, finger her shaven cleft, and turn her around and lick her for good measure. The sex urge had grabbed me.

blonde woman gave me a quick, devilish smile. She cupped the side of my face with her hand. I placed my palm on her breast. I was jolted. Lust whip-cracked through my whole body. Her nipple stiffened under my hand. I could tell her heart was beating as fast as mine. She was aroused by this, too. I was glad.

The blonde woman's face was inches from mine. I longed to kiss her. I felt the slight tremble of her hand and saw the quiver of those luscious lips, and I knew she wanted that kiss as much as I did.

Almost without moving my fingers, I applied a subtle pressure to her breast. A tiny sigh only I could hear escaped her. It was maddening and weirdly delightful

We couldn't stop
ourselves from holding one another,
from kissing wantonly.
Her lips were soft and slightly parted.
Our tongues touched.

My fatigue had completely vanished. I ached for the next five-minute interval to elapse, so this kinky old teacher could move us closer, like a couple of willing fleshy dolls. My body thrummed, all of my nerve endings feeling wide awake.

I heard the sounds of busy pencils. I felt the students drinking in the sight of us, memorizing our curves. That sense of exposure heightened my arousal. My pussy grew wet.

Finally, we were allowed to touch. The teacher hesitated at the last second as he moved my hand into place. "Ms. Manco, I should have checked earlier: Are you comfortable with this sort of contact?" he asked me quietly.

In a hoarse whisper I said, "Yes." The

to have to stand still. But a new tableau was coming. The teacher would press us closer. Hopefully, he would let us kiss.

Those five minutes took forever. The teacher told us the new poses, then pushed and prodded us here and there. There was actually nothing creepy in how he handled us. He seemed to regard this purely as an art project. I wondered how many of the students felt that same detachment—or were some of the guys at the easels nursing hard-ons, some of the girls wet like me? Again, the idea thrilled me but not nearly as much as the thrill of putting my hungry mouth against my fellow model's. The teacher angled us into an embrace. My thigh was pressed between her bare legs, and I felt



the dampness of her pussy on my skin.

In my mind, we were helplessly drawn to each other. We couldn't stop ourselves from holding one another, from kissing wantonly. Her lips were soft and slightly parted. Our tongues touched. The shock was electric, and I moaned almost soundlessly. My hard nipples pressed against her lovely body. I caught the faint aroma of our mutual arousal. Her moisture on my thigh increased.

We swirled our tongues together, careful not to make the movement obvious. We had been hired to stand still, to do what this art teacher wanted. He saw only the aesthetic purity of our forms, the artistic value of combining us on this dais. That was fine. But this had become something unique in my sexual experience. Never mind the watching artists—I would never forget this.

When we were moved into our ultimate position, it was the fulfillment I was yearning for. Our mouths were plastered together, so we could French each other as deeply as we wanted. Also, I

got to press my slick pussy against the blonde's firm, lean thigh.

That contact allowed me to grind ever so furtively against her. You wouldn't have seen my hips move, but I humped that leg with a subdued but fierce intensity. I held her wrapped in my arms. Her fingers squeezed my ass. She, too, was doing a subtle bump and grind on my thigh. I felt her abundant wetness.

We continued to kiss deeply. Her skin was growing damp with perspiration. Her fingernails really dug in, and I felt the powerful tremors she was trying to hide. It set me off, as well. All at once, my body swam with orgasm. Studious faces and easels whirled around me. Bliss beat in my head. We stood locked in our paralyzed embrace, and we came, as one, before all those watching eyes.

The blonde and I became lovers for a time, but nothing could beat that first incredible encounter. You can't recreate something like that. I figured nothing like it would ever happen to me again.

Luckily, I was wrong.

SEVERAL years later, I had my first professional lead role. I was excited. This wasn't some unpaid part in a production in somebody's basement. I was in a big city, performing in a legitimate theater. I'd studied my craft and paid my dues. I was playing opposite a heartthrob named Roberto, who had appeared in several other productions, including a successful musical.

I savored this first real taste of success. I wanted to suck it dry. To be honest, I wouldn't have minded sucking Roberto. He was tall and ridiculously handsome, with full black hair and an athletic build. He was also a terrific actor. But I didn't

I knew the scene she meant, of course, the one that would close the first act. Roberto and I, having finished a passionate argument, would fall together onto the bed and start making love as the lights went down.

I promised Cecile I would give it everything I had.

The curtain rose. I walked out in front of 500 people and *became* the character I'd been rehearsing for several intensive weeks. The experience was electrifying. Every line crackled. The other performers provided expert support.

When Roberto made his entrance about ten minutes in, the connection between us was palpable. The set was done

I had closed my eyes
for a second. When I opened them,
I saw that the curtain
was still up. The audience continued
to watch.

want to be unprofessional by starting an affair, even though I sensed he found me attractive as well.

The director was a showbiz veteran, a driven woman named Cecile, who was always pushing the performers for more, more, *more*. It had taken me a week of rehearsals to realize she was never going to be satisfied. There was always another bit of nuance to explore in the script, another truth our talents could uncover.

I appreciated being motivated so intensely. But it was also nerve-racking. She kept pushing me right up until curtain time on opening night.

"I want that love scene to be real, Kara," she told me in the wings. "Give yourself to it, the real you."

up to look like a rundown apartment. I followed him as he stalked through the rooms, delivering my lines but also marveling at how natural he was onstage. He wore black jeans and a snug t-shirt. Our characters' relationship was contentious, but our passion had to feel real. I knew Cecile was right.

I was aware of the lights, aware of the audience, but I also felt very in the moment. Roberto and I started in on the verbal confrontation that would lead to the end of the act. It was a brilliant scene, if I do say so. Sweat gleamed on Roberto's face. We exchanged our last few lines, screaming them at each other. I grabbed the front of his t-shirt and pulled him toward me. Our mouths mashed together,



and we kissed deeper than we ever had during rehearsal, tongues tangling.

We stood together at the foot of the bed. Then we tumbled onto it, bodies grinding together, hands groping. My character wanted him, so I wanted him, too. This felt great, right, *true*.

I had closed my eyes for a second. When I opened them I saw that the lights hadn't gone down. The curtain was still up. The audience continued to watch.

There wasn't any dialogue we could improvise. Dramatically, we could only make love. It was how our characters resolved things. We couldn't betray the story.

Roberto was aware of the situation. I was on top of him. His dark eyes shone as his actor's instincts worked fast. Too soft for anyone but me to hear, he said, "Kara, we should go for it."

I knew what he meant and agreed completely. My integrity as an actress demanded we carry on. It was Cecile, no doubt, who had kept this scene alive. Fine. We would show her our dedication.

Roberto and I kissed again. I squirmed atop his crotch, feeling him swelling. My pussy started to stream. His tongue blazed against mine. His hands cupped my ass, pressing me down on him tightly.

I heard a few gasps from the audience. This was an edgy theater, adults only allowed in. We hadn't previewed this play. No one out there knew what to expect.

Rearing back, I grinned and clawed at Roberto's t-shirt. I stripped it from him, revealing his granite-hard pecs and nicely defined abs. He grinned back at me and reached for my blouse.

I didn't flinch. I let him tear it away, leaving my tits fully exposed. Again there was crowd reaction. Some of those watching had to be wondering how far this was going to go. I wondered that, too. How much did Cecile want from us? When would she tell the crew to dim the lights and drop the curtain?

The idea of stopping fled from me as Roberto and I groped some more. He grabbed one of my breasts and sucked on the other one, applying such sweet

pressure to the nipple that I cried out. I lunged for the fly of his jeans.

Would the curtain fall? *Now . . . ?*

I hoped not. I wanted to see that cock, wanted to hold it. The lights stayed bright on us as I reached into his pants and drew out his lovely meat. He throbbed in my fist, seven or eight inches of veiny shaft, capped by a purple cockhead.

"Holy shit!" I distinctly heard someone yell from the seats, and the exclamation made my libido surge. This scene between our characters had taken on an overpowering reality. I really *was* the woman I'd been portraying for the past hour. The person Roberto played truly was my lover. And we were going

berto's solid chest and shoved. He went with the motion, falling back across the mattress. I elbowed apart his thighs. He dropped his left knee so that the crowd would have a clear view as I swooped in on his cock. I lowered my head to lick the dribble of pre-come from his crown. There were more cries of astonishment from the seats. Some fainthearted people were probably walking out, but I guessed most were staying.

With a lustful growl, I dropped my mouth down fully on Roberto's cock. He sighed as I took him in one great plunge, filling my throat with his staff. I was proud to show off my cock-sucking abilities in front of all these strangers.

The person Roberto
played truly was my lover. And we
were going to fuck,
right here in front of these hundreds
of people.

to fuck, right here in front of these hundreds of people.

I raked the jeans off Roberto's legs. With his hard cock twitching for all to see, he got me out of my skirt. We were naked together on that disheveled bed.

Obviously, this wasn't anything we had rehearsed. There was no sexual choreography to follow. But he was a pro actor, and I wasn't going to fumble my first starring role. Whatever else, people would be talking about this night for some time. Only in the theater could this happen, where spontaneity made everything risky and twice as rewarding as what you saw in a movie. Anything could occur on stage.

I planted a hand in the middle of Ro-

I held Roberto's balls and slid my mouth up and down his shaft. My tongue slathered his erection, tracing his pulsing veins. His flavor filled my senses.

He shifted on the bed, and I had one last swirling lick of his cockhead. He pulled out of my mouth and pushed me onto my back. His strong shoulders got between my thighs. I held myself open for him, panting as I watched his mouth descend toward my drenched pussy.

This made dramatic sense, the actress in me realized. My character wouldn't merely suck him off. He would want to return the oral favor. As vehement as the confrontation we'd acted out beforehand, this was how fierce the sex had to be. In the original script, that lovemaking was



Jenna Rose
PENTHOUSE *Pet*
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only implied. But this audience was getting to see the reality of the extended scene. We had to keep it real.

I moaned as Roberto's tongue lapped my pussy, and there was nothing fake about my response. My hips thrust. I jammed myself shamelessly against his mouth. Reaching down, I wound my fingers into his hair and humped his face. His tongue penetrated me deep. His lips smeared my slick juices. His teeth gently caught my clit and sent me into rapture.

Bucking, I came against his mouth. My half-lidded eyes fluttered. The stage lights were still on. I felt their heat on my bare sweaty skin. I heard more reactions from the seats. There were yells and

Someone in the audience cheered.

I lifted my legs and crossed them over his back. I locked my arms around his neck. He pounded me deep. I felt his pulsing cockhead reach the center of my being with every plunge.

White-hot pleasure boiled over me. My nerves were alive, rippling with ecstatic response. His chin was shiny with my juices, and I still had the taste of his cock in my mouth. A sliver of memory cut into the present rapturous moment: a distant remembrance of that day up on the art-class dais as a stranger and I covertly drove each other into climax.

There was nothing furtive about this, though. This was naked, raw and utterly

I pulled him
on top of me. We had to fuck. It was
absolutely necessary.
And the people had to see it happen,
live and in the flesh.

cries. The noise sounded like a crowd at a rock concert. Everyone was worked up. We had brought the audience with us. They believed what they were seeing, because it actually was real.

But we weren't done. We had to truly consummate this.

Roberto's head rose from between my legs. I seized his shoulders and pulled him on top of me. We had to fuck. It was absolutely necessary. And the people had to see it happen, live and in the flesh.

His white teeth appeared in a feral grin. His handsome face was wet with my juices. I didn't need to tell him anything. We were operating in perfect sensual synchronicity.

He thrust his cock into my cunt.

truthful. Roberto fucked me onstage like a maniac in front of a rapt audience. As my orgasms thundered over me, one piling up behind the next, I screamed out his name—or, I should say, screamed his character's name. Because I was an actress. And because I would do anything for my beloved craft.

Roberto came with a groan of his own. I felt his liquid heat jet into me. His back arched, but I held on. He climaxed and quivered, his sweat-slippery body pulled taut, until he collapsed onto me.

The audience cheered and applauded wildly. They'd seen something extraordinary. The lights finally dimmed, and as the curtain lowered, I cradled my lover in my arms.

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Female Domination



By Peter Eaton

Double the Dommes

Two dominant women give Peter exactly
what he needs, fulfilling the multitude of dirty desires
he had never confessed to anyone before.



WHAT that man truly needs is a long, hard session over my knee.”

“You are so right.”

“I would tan his backside for him, push him onto the floor and make him lick my pussy until I creamed all over his face. Then, if he was lucky, I’d take him up the ass. *That* would adjust his attitude.”

“I bet you he’d like every second.”

I froze outside of the office. I recognized the voices of the women—Valerie and Joanna. But I couldn’t figure out which of our coworkers they were talking about. Could they be referring to Timothy in accounting? Or maybe Raul

seemed constrictive. I wished I hadn’t made any noise, wished I hadn’t been standing there in the hallway, eavesdropping.

“Peter,” she said. She didn’t look embarrassed to have been caught gossiping about me. If anything, she looked as if she was pleased to see me. “Why don’t you come in for a second? Your ears must be burning. Joanna and I were talking about you.”

I cleared my throat. “I know,” I said. My voice seemed to have gone up an octave. I flailed inwardly, wishing I could muster the nerve to act indignant. The problem was that I wanted what she’d been describing. Down to my very core,

All I wanted to do
was unbutton, unzip, and manhandle
myself. I’d have come in
no time. But somehow I didn’t think the
women would approve.

in upper management?

“The way he acts as if he knows everything. Well, *I* know precisely what he needs.”

Raul, definitely Raul. I decided. He was a know-it-all. That’s for sure. The man had an ego you could practically see from space. I stayed totally still, listening intently. Then one of the women said: “I don’t think Peter would go for that.”

I sucked in my breath in a noisy gasp. The women stopped talking. Should I run? Which way should I go? I was as paralyzed as a mouse before a snake. Val poked her head out in the hall and spied me standing there with what most surely was a ridiculous expression on my face. Suddenly, my tie felt too tight, my suit

I wanted her to make every word come true.

“Oh, so you heard? Well, good. That will save us some time.” She grabbed me by the wrist and pulled me into the office. Jo shut the door. Then we all stared at each other. Jo’s green eyes were bright with lusty excitement. She looked as amped up as she does when she’s presenting at a trade show. Valerie seemed far calmer. Her brown hair was up in a bun, not a strand out of place. She had her blazer off, and she’d rolled up the sleeves of her crisp white blouse as if she was getting down to business.

I’d had no idea I sounded like a know-it-all. In fact, I’d thought these women were my friends. I coughed and then said



as much, trying not to sound too hurt.

"We *are* your friends," Val assured me. "But sometimes you come across a little . . ." she trailed off.

"A little too much," Jo said. "You interrupt at meetings. You always have a better idea. You never really listen to anyone else. What you need is a serious attitude adjustment."

"That's not what Valerie said," I told her, finding solace in her kind eyes. "Val said I needed . . ."

"So you heard *everything*."

I nodded. I was having a difficult time remembering how to breathe without choking on air.

"I, for one, am glad this is all out in the open," Valerie said. "If you're interested in having your attitude adjusted, meet us at my place tonight." She wrote her address for me on a small square of paper and put it into my shaking hand. I made my way back to my own office in a daze. She was going to tan my hide? My dick was like wood in my slacks. All I wanted to do was unbutton, unzip,

and manhandle myself. I'd have come in no time. But somehow I didn't think the women would approve, and that stopped me from heading to the men's room for a bit of randy relief.

I pretended to work until quitting time. Then I went to the store and bought a bottle of wine and two bouquets of flowers. I didn't know what else to do. I got to Valerie's house at 7:00. She and Jo were already there, and they were dressed in entirely different outfits than they'd had on earlier, entirely different than I'd seen on any woman outside of x-rated videos. I couldn't believe my eyes. Jo was wearing vinyl with zippers in the most unusual places. The woman usually dresses in business suits. I'd never have thought she'd be into something so tight and seductive. Valerie had on a red velvet catsuit. They were both wearing spiked heels. I felt as if I had walked into a wet dream.

I handed over the flowers and waited to see what would happen next.

"You really don't know how you act,

do you?" Valerie asked me

I shook my head. "I thought I was a team player."

"There is no *I* in team," Valerie said, parroting a line from a motivational poster that hangs in the employee lounge. "But there are going to be a lot of O's, tonight. Maybe we'll even let you have one. If you behave, that is."

She stroked her fingertips along my jawline, then wrapped one hand behind my neck and pulled me down for a kiss. Recalling the conversation I'd overheard, I let her lead. She parted my lips with insistent, if gentle, force, and then our tongues met. I could feel my cock throbbing. Then Val felt my cock throbbing,

"You do know why we're doing this, right?" Val asked as she bent me over her glass-and-chrome coffee table.

"Because I . . ." then I stopped. Why? I didn't care. I wanted this. That was for sure.

"Because you hog the spotlight," Val reminded me. "You step on other people's ideas. And you do it without any thought."

"I don't mean to," I said, speaking truthfully. Although speaking at all was getting more difficult by the second. My cock was so erect that my hard-on was becoming all I could think about. I wanted to fuck one of the women. Or both of the women. I wanted release,

I deserved what she
was dishing out. That was for sure.
I held on to the table as
she paddled my ass. She spanked me
over and over.

too, because she placed one hand on my dick through my pants. Her squeeze was firm. I yelped.

"You'll get to use this," she assured me. "Later. But you're going to have to take your punishment first."

"Punishment," I echoed. My voice was trembling. *Man up*, I told myself. *This is a dream come true. Don't blow it!*

"Oh, yes," Jo said, "and you deserve everything that's going to happen to you." She pulled my jacket off and started to work on my tie. The flowers and the wine were discarded in favor of stripping me from my business suit to my birthday suit. I promised myself I would do whatever the women said. I would make their every desire my own.

relief, redemption. Did I do what they said? Did I really demand the spotlight at work? Well, maybe . . .

I realized I'd zoned out. I had the feeling I was supposed to be paying attention to her.

At that thought, I felt a smack to my backside. Val had spanked me! My cock throbbed in response to the prickle of pain. A warm sensation spread through me right after that. I'd liked being spanked.

"So we're going to teach you a lesson," Val said, speaking slow and steady. "First, we're going to punish you. That way, anytime you're in a meeting in the future, you can remember what your poor hot bottom felt like when we were



through with you. And if, in the future, you resort to your old ways, you'll know exactly what we'll do to you after. Then we're going to reward you, so you can have something to strive toward. Whether you're punished or pleased will all be up to you."

With this little inspirational speech finished, she handed a paddle to Jo, who took position behind me and started to spank my naked ass. There was almost no warning, no way for me to grow accustomed to the situation. I was naked, bent over a coffee table and having my ass punished by a woman I'd always thought was a sweetheart. A pussycat. I felt a whirlwind of thoughts flow through me. Part of me felt detached from the whole situation. Yes, the spanking hurt—each blow landing with a vibrant smack on my upturned ass. But my brain reeled with all sorts of thoughts. I pictured myself at the last meeting we'd held. I remembered Jo putting forward an idea to the company, and I remembered that I'd cut her off. I'd been

inspired by what she'd said, but rather than give her proper credit, I'd simply trampled all over her idea in an effort to get mine across. I winced at the memory.

I deserved what she was dishing out. That was for sure. I held on to the edge of the table as she paddled my ass. She spanked me over and over. I got the feeling she was enjoying herself. I heard her breath coming in fast gasps as she let the implement fly. Then I felt her cool hand stroking my heated hindquarters.

"Let's give him a little break," Val said.

"No way," Jo insisted, which surprised me. Jo is usually a softer touch than Val. Well, that's what I'd thought anyway. But that soft touch had an evil streak I'd never seen before. She moved me so that I was on my back and then she undid the zipper that ran from her navel, then through her legs, and all the way up to the middle of her back. After parting the glossy vinyl, she straddled my face. I was instructed to eat her pussy without stopping, without pausing, without

thinking about anything else except her pleasure. That would have been enough for any guy. But while I was doing my best to follow these instructions I felt a hand close firmly around my shaft. Val had slid something onto her hand, some type of rubber glove. She was dripping oil along my cock and rubbing it in. I don't think I'd ever felt anything so exquisite before in my life.

"Don't you dare come," Jo demanded. She must have been watching Val pump her fist on my rod. She had to guess what the attention was doing to me. My cock felt larger and harder than ever before. I knew I was leaking pre-come. That couldn't be helped. But I assured myself

as sexy as this. She was honey-sweet, and her juices were copious, coating my lips. I had to work to keep up with her. She started rocking on my mouth, pressing down to get the level of contact she craved. I'd always thought she was clever, impressed by the way she dazzled clients when we had pitch meetings. Had I been jealous of her wit? No. But maybe I'd been insecure in her presence, and that's why I'd had the need to . . .

"Show-off." That's what Val said suddenly. And I realized I'd made Joanna come. She squealed and rotated her hips as the pleasure flooded through her. She didn't move aside right away. She let me tongue her vibrating button until I'd trig-

She was sweet,
and her juices were copious, coating
my lips. I had to work
to keep up with her. She started
rocking on my mouth.

I would not climax until the ladies gave me permission. Clearly, Jo was not interested in giving me the go-ahead just yet.

I was nearing my peak, and I knew my coworkers could tell.

"Don't you dare," she repeated when my hips involuntarily bucked upward in a response to Valerie's expert handjob. I made out her words although they were muffled by her firm thighs against my ears. I focused even more intently on Jo's split. I loved the way Jo tasted. I'd dreamed about going down on her for months, always coming up with off-beat scenarios of how I might make that happen. Coming on to her in the coffee room. Asking her out by the fax machine. None of my ideas had ever been

gered several additional minor orgasms, delightful tremors that brought forth several happy sighs. Then she slid off me, and I was staring at Val as she tightened her grip on my unit.

"That's his problem," Jo panted. "He is a show-off."

"So show off for us now," Valerie said. "Come for us, Peter. Shoot up in the air."

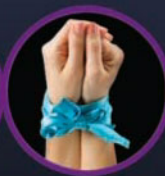
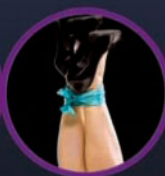
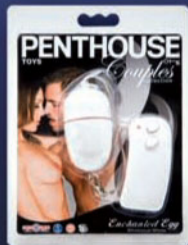
I was right on the verge when Valerie did something that made me pause. She used her greased-up fingers to tap against my asshole. I froze totally. I wanted her to keep going, but I didn't know how to say that. How do you ask a woman to finger-fuck your asshole without coming across as demanding? Valerie seemed to understand instinctively what I desired.

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She pressed the tip of one finger into my opening. I groaned and climaxed, spraying my semen into the air. Val removed her hand, and the women laughed as I relaxed again on the table, feeling totally spent. I thought that was that. I'd gotten a spanking, licked Jo to completion, and gotten my rocks off.

But what about Valerie?

THAT SEEMED to be exactly what she was thinking. She left the room for a moment, and when she returned, she dangled a strap-on in front of me. "Are you game?" she asked me.

My eyes must have told her all the answer she needed to know. I nodded, so she'd be sure.

"Good. Get on your hands and knees on the floor. Jo, hold his cheeks wide open for me." Even though I'd only just come, my cock was already stirring. Her words were such a turn-on, but Joanna's actions were even more exciting. I felt a slurry of lube poured over my most tender opening. Then a pinch on each of my cheeks. Jo was obviously feeling frisky. This whole time, Valerie was getting busy somewhere behind me. When she was ready, she came around to the front so I could take in her transformation. She was naked but wearing a harness and the strap-on dildo. Her hair fell loose past her shoulders in luxurious waves. Our office manager looked transcendent. I couldn't have imagined a more luscious vision—except for Jo coming around to kiss her. For a moment, I thought I'd come again with no assistance. These two beautiful women were kissing each other. Then Jo stepped back and snapped at me. "Get her dick wet, sub."

I crawled forward and began to blow Valerie. I had never had any sort of cock in my mouth before—synthetic or real. But I know how I like my own cock sucked, and I did my best to work Valerie's staff with the same erotic enthusiasm.

"He's good," Valerie observed. "Let's

see if he can maintain that momentum while you spank his naughty ass some more."

While I slid my mouth up and down her shaft, Valerie listed the various transgressions I was being disciplined for.

"Massive ego," Valerie said.

"He's got something massive." Jo laughed, and she reached under me to tickle my cock and balls. I didn't say a word. Well, I couldn't. Not with my mouth filled with cock. But I didn't even want to speak. I wanted to hover in the land of bliss these gorgeous dominatrices had brought me to.

Jo smacked the paddle against my cheeks. I did my best not to moan too loudly around Val's cock. "Not a team player," Valerie continued. I almost balked then. I'd always thought of myself as willing to share the glory with others. But Valerie continued. "Self-serving. He'll share credit as long as his name comes first."

"That's right," Jo said, and she gave me a series of sparking blows that made my dick positively twang in response.

"How will you behave in the future?" Valerie barked out.

I didn't know if she wanted me to actually respond or if I should keep sucking her cock. I took a risk and backed off her. "I'll give credit where credit's due," I promised her.

She looked at me with a fierce expression, but when I opened my mouth to resume the blowjob, her eyes seemed to soften. She hadn't needed to tell me what to do. I'd acted on my own, my only desire to please her. This seemed to make her happy.

"Good boy," she said. "Five more, I think," she told Jo, who walloped me with giddy delight, landing the blows in rapid succession. My ass felt deliciously hot. I wondered what was going to happen next. But I didn't need to wonder for long.

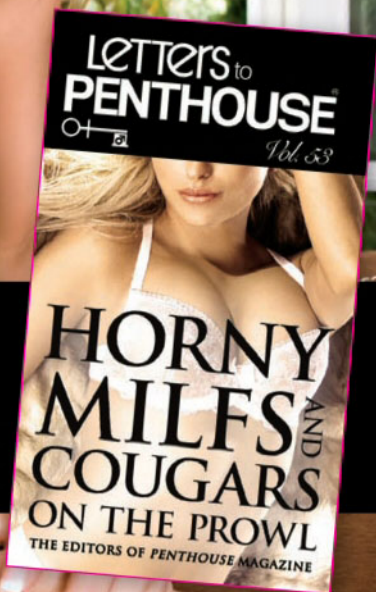
"I think we should teach him something about restraint," Valerie said.

"I like the sound of that."

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In seconds, I found myself with my wrists cuffed. The women had me on my hands and knees, and Valerie took position behind me. So far every second of this night had transcended anything that had ever happened to me previously. But it got better when I felt the rounded knob of the cock against my hole, pressing there. Then Joanna was spreading me once more, and the knob popped inside of my opening. I was having my ass fucked by Valerie from the office. I couldn't believe it. My dick couldn't believe it, either. I was leaking pre-come steadily. Jo did the unthinkable. She got on her back beneath me, and she raised up so she could take my cock in her

Joanna simply sucked me harder, really working to drain me. Valerie, as if hardwired to know what I needed, slammed her dick inside me and held still. I filled Joanna's mouth and then waited for her to move from beneath me before I collapsed. Valerie pulled out and undid the harness. Then she had me get between her legs and work her split. I devoured her, ravenously, licking up all the honey that had accumulated beneath the harness while she'd penetrated me. I wanted Valerie to know how grateful I was for everything she'd done so far. And more than anything else, I wanted to show her that I'd be her willing submissive in the future. Whenever she wanted

Valerie was fucking
my ass as if it was a pussy, and I was
going to climax like I never
had before. The feeling of being filled
there was too sublime.

mouth as Valerie fucked me good and steady.

Her mouth was the definition of all things sweet and pure. I hung my head and gave myself over to everything that was happening. White light coursed through me, and I felt as if I would hover in that state of near-nirvana forever. And then I realized that no—I wouldn't. Because Valerie was fucking my ass as if it was a pussy, and I was going to climax like I never had before. The feeling of being filled back there was too sublime. My whole body trembled.

"I'm going to come," I announced, because I didn't know what would happen if I came without telling, and telling or not, I was going to go off.

me, I would bow down.

Valerie ran her fingers through my hair as I took her to completion. Then she said two words that made my ego soar: "Good boy."

At first, I'd been mortified to hear the women talk about me. Now, I was grateful. Supremely grateful. Rarely, do you have a chance to learn what people really think of you. I understood how I had failed in the past. And I promised to change my ways in the future.

"But don't be too good," Jo said, and she grinned at me as she unfastened my cuffs.

"Right," Valerie agreed smartly. "Not too good. Otherwise, we'll have no reason to punish you next weekend."

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HIS VALENTINE'S DAY TREAT IS A DIRTY DINNER FOR TWO

"I would have been perfectly fine with a Valentine's Day at home," I told Bruce as he parked the car outside the tiny restaurant.

"But I arranged something special," he said. "I have connections."

"It's hard to get a reservation here on Valentine's Day? Are you serious?" I asked, laughing. It was a sweet little restaurant, but definitely not one you had to struggle to get a reservation at for any day of the year.

"You'll see," Bruce said. He helped me out of the car and held my hand all the way to the door. He knocked once, which I thought odd.

The door opened, and a man dressed in classic waitstaff black and white greeted us.

"We're here for our reservation," Bruce said.

The man ushered us in with a sweeping motion of his arm. "Right this way."

He walked us into the dining room proper, and I stared. Not a soul in sight. A single table was set for two. Food was displayed on another table with cloches to hold the heat. Champagne was chilling in a bucket.

"Reservation for two," the man said, motioning toward the set table.

Bruce handed him a thick fold of bills and smiled. "That'll be all."

The man gave a swift nod and simply said, "You can call the number I left on the bar when you leave. Someone will come over and lock up the whole place once you've gone." Then he turned and walked out of the room. I heard the front door close, the lock



snicking shut a second later.

"What is this?" I asked.

"Our Valentine's dinner. And you're the appetizer." Before I could respond, Bruce brushed the collar of my dress so it slipped a little lower. He traced the outline of my cleavage, and while staring me in the eye, he pushed a hand beneath my dress. His fingers tickled along the tops of my thigh-high stockings. He breached my panties with a single finger and stroked my clit.

I bit the tip of my tongue before saying, "You rented a whole restaurant for me?"

"I did. I always told you I had fantasies about eating you on these cute little bistro tables." He shrugged

and my sheer stockings.

I lifted my hips again when ordered, and he peeled off my panties, making sure to leave the hosiery undisturbed. His mouth settled over my bra, sucking a nipple through the lace. He moved to the other breast, pushing his fingers inside my pussy as he did. He scraped his teeth along my clavicle, then nipped the sides of my breasts so that warmth and pleasure shot through me from tits to cunt.

"You smell good. Better than the food."

I was breathless and merely nodded as his fingers delved inside me. He removed my bra by popping the clasp with his free hand. His fingers

When he settled his
mouth over my clit and sucked,
drawing on me hard,
I felt myself rocket toward orgasm.

his massive shoulders. "I figured it was time I did just that."

As he kissed me, he walked me backward toward a table next to ours. It had a tablecloth but nothing else. When my ass hit the rounded edge, I sat. He lifted me a bit, moving me farther back. My dress was a slinky material. A black-and-white patterned fabric that hugged my curves. Bruce worked the garment up my thighs, and I lifted my hips when instructed. In a moment, I sat in nothing but a black lace bra, panties

never stopped moving—driving and plunging deep.

When he settled his big hand between my breasts and pushed me slightly, I took the hint and lay back, spreading myself out on the table so he could do what he'd come here to do.

Bruce knelt, grabbing my thighs and pulling me an inch closer to the edge of the table. His tongue explored my crevices and folds, his fingers still fucking me relentlessly. When he settled his entire mouth

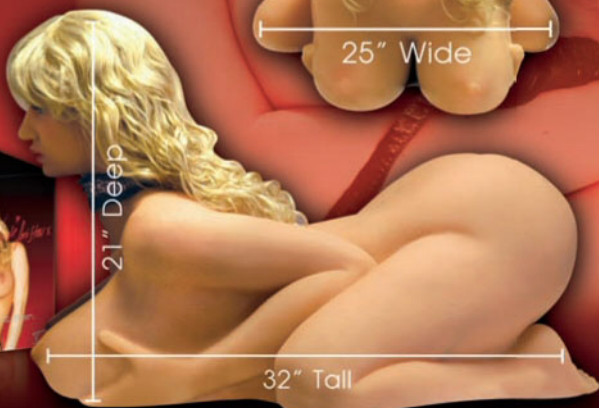
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over my clit and sucked, drawing on me hard, I felt myself rocket toward orgasm. I clutched the edge of the table to try and hang on. To make it last.

The tablecloth was soft beneath me, the candlelight painting us in golds and oranges. He swept his tongue over my pounding clit, then slowed to a drag of his flat tongue over the tender nub. He curled his fingers against my most sensitive places. He started to suck again, alternating licks, and I gave in to the whole thing, coming with a cry.



"Good girl," he said, rising. He was grinning, very pleased with himself, and I couldn't help but smile back.

He unfastened the zipper and button on his pants. Bruce pulled his cock free, and I shivered with anticipation. He gave himself a few good strokes, studying me there, strewn across the fancy table.

"Spread your legs."

I did, pushing them wider, lifting my hips and enticing him the best I could.

He moved between my legs, grunting like a beast. He held my thighs,

and he brushed his cock along my wet slit. I sighed and watched him, his dark eyes darker, his handsome face flushed with lust. He took himself in hand and teased my opening again with his cockhead, which was slick with my juices.

I lifted my hips again, begging him without words.

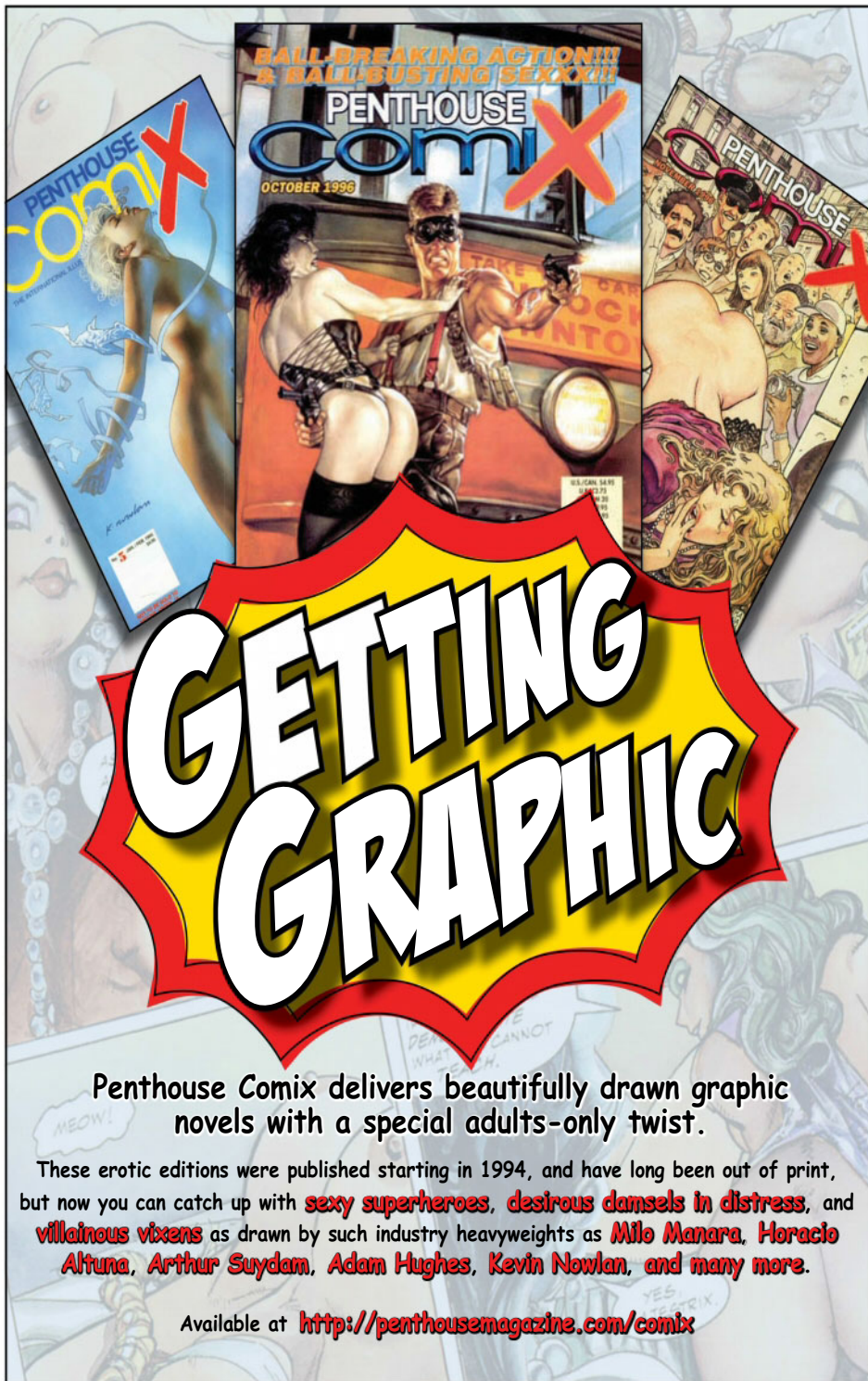
He pushed into me slowly, trying to still me with a hand on my belly. He drove into me, and my hair swished on the table as I tossed my head. I drove up to meet him, taking him deeper and welcoming him as he

thrust his cock inside me. The wet sound of our fucking filled the dining room.

I wondered wildly where the restaurant's usual subtle, classic music was and laughed at the sexy absurdity of it all.

Bruce growled, grabbing my hips. He tugged me toward him every time he rammed into me, holding me still and filling me fully.

"Fucking hell," he said, shaking his head. His fingertip had come to settle on my clit, flicking it over and over again even as my cunt grew



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tight around his driving dick.

"I'm going to come," he said.

"Me, too," I confessed.

He slid his hands under my ass, hiked me a little higher, and jerked into me faster. Every thrust pounded his pubic bone against my clit. I broke first, coming with a much louder cry this time. Bruce's jaw was tight as he managed a few more thrusts, and then he came, hanging his head in blissful exhaustion.

I laughed. "Wow."

"You bet, wow. Now we eat."

The food smelled even more divine now. I was starving. "And then?"

"And then . . ." he said, offering me his hand and helping me sit up, "we have each other for dessert." He winked wickedly. "We have the place for the whole night."

"I like dessert," I said. "I like it a lot."

(Name and address withheld)

NEIGHBORHOOD "STRAY" MAKES FOR A SATISFYING THREE-WAY HOOKUP

Norman brought Debra home from the neighborhood block party. I hadn't even noticed at first. She tagged behind us like a lost duckling. It was only when she spoke that I realized she was actually *with* us.

"You brought home a stray," I whispered after she asked us how far our house was.

"She's cute. She thinks you hung the moon. *Your wife is so pretty. Your wife has the best sense of style. Your wife had amazing legs . . .*"

"You're lying."

"I'm not," he said before adding loudly, "Debra, did you, or did you not, compliment my wife's lovely legs?"

The girl moved closer to us. In the streetlight I could see she was mid-to-late twenties with long, dark hair and big, dark eyes. I couldn't tell the exact color in the gloom.

"I did," she said shyly.

"And you thought we'd play together?" I asked matter-of-factly.

Norman shrugged. "I've had worse ideas."

"If it's not okay with you—" she started to say, those wide, expressive eyes trained on me, filled with nervous concern.

I smiled. I took her hand in mine and squeezed. "Oh, I think we could have some fun."

She smiled back. The expression changed her face entirely. Doe-eyed innocence shifted to something more sensual and knowing. So we weren't her first rodeo. Good to know.

At our house, Norman, ever the gentleman, unlocked the door, pushed it wide and let us both precede him.

Inside, I poured drinks, shrugged off my sweater and stood there in my tank top and jeans. "Debra, what did you have in mind?"

She shook her head. "I'm up for anything."

I cocked an eyebrow. "Anything?"

She leveled those brown eyes at me. I could see them clearly now in the glow of our floor lamps.

"So, if I demanded you eat my pussy while my husband fucked you, you'd be fine with that?"

Nothing but a simple nod and a straightforward stare.

"Or I could go down on you while he fucks me?"

Another nod.

"When did you move to the area?" I asked, sipping my wine.

"Three weeks ago."

"And you're down with a three-way?" I couldn't help but smile when Norman chuckled.

"I am. I'm not in the market to date. But I could use some . . . fun."

"Well, you've come to the right house," I said.

I moved to her swiftly and pulled her navy blue sweater over her head.

Her dark hair tumbled around her shoulders. Beneath the thick sweater she was bare. I stroked one dark nipple, and when it puckered beneath my touch, I moved to the other. I slid my fingers along her rib cage, over the flat of her belly, and then popped the button on her jeans. Together, we got them off, and I was thrilled to see she was bare beneath them as well.

I pushed two fingers inside her to see if she was as turned on as she seemed. She was. Her breath was quick, her pupils dilated, and her pussy hot and wet.

"Oh, you are in, aren't you?" I pressed my thumb to her clit, and she gasped.

I turned my head and said to Norman, "Why don't you relieve yourself of your clothes?"

I fucked her with my fingers until she looked fairly stunned. Then I disrobed slowly, making sure to watch her eyes skate over my body as I did.

I moved close and kissed her. Her was mouth warm and pliant against mine. Norman moved behind her and pressed his cock against her ass. He cupped her small breasts in his hands and pinched her nipples as I continued to kiss her, slipping my fingers back in her cunt and pressing her hard little clit with my thumb. We both caressed her and touched her, bringing her to orgasm.

Debra sagged against Norman, and I moved to the sofa. I settled back, spread my legs and fingered my pussy. "Come on then. Let's get to the good stuff."

She moved closer, studying me as she advanced. Then she knelt on the sofa and licked up my inner thigh. She was bold and shocked the breath right out of me. Without preamble, she began to explore my nether lips with her tongue, circling but never touching my clitoris. I held her hair in my hands, tugging it lightly. I arched my back, seek-

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ing more contact. She swirled her tongue all around my pussy and never touched the thumping knot of pleasure that craved it most.

I heard the snap of a condom, and then my husband moved in behind her. He licked her asscheeks and stroked her slit. He finally, with great relish, ran his sheathed cockhead over her wetness. He watched my face as he ultimately took the plunge and drove into her. It was a gradual entry, and when he settled inside her, not moving, she sucked my clit so intensely I bucked beneath her.

Norman smiled down at me as if to say, "Didn't I do well, dear?"

I was helpless to do anything but smile back as she lapped at me,

man began to fuck her harder, faster.

"Yes," she muttered against my thigh, driving her digits deep inside my cunt.

My pussy gripped her thrusting fingers as I moved closer and closer to another climax. Norm's eyes took on that glazed, faraway look that always came before he peaked.

I held out my hand, and he briefly grabbed it. We always found a way to connect when we brought a third party in.

"Oh," she said as if startled.

She pushed her ass back toward him, taking his cock as deep as she could. Her tongue on my clit had become erratic but eager. I rocked my hips and gripped her fingers by

She pushed back
toward him, taking his cock as deep
as she could. Her tongue on
my clit had become erratic but eager.

dragging her agile tongue over my clit, smoothing it around my entrance, and then taking the tour back up. When she pushed three of her small fingers inside me, I sighed.

Norman began to move, his rhythm steady and sure at first. He squeezed her asscheeks, and then delivered a hearty smack to one. She yelped against me, but then moaned. The vibration of her utterances moved through my body, nesting in my pelvis and my belly.

I raised my hips, and she drew on my clit harder. Then she nipped me, and I surprised us all by coming. The sudden muted pain had set me off.

She didn't stop, though, licking up my juices and gathering them from my pussy. She pushed back as Nor-

man tightened my internal muscles.

"Jesus," Norm said on a sigh, his hips pistoning.

He grabbed her waist and held her. His body bucked, and she moved to keep pace with him.

He came with a bellow, and she followed suit, apparently just hanging on for him. Her body shivered, but her tongue never stopped. I held hanks of her hair as she swept her tongue back and forth, and then in wild circles. I came with a soft cry that sounded so tame next to their animalistic noises.

She looked up at me and smiled. "Welcome to the neighborhood," I said with a laugh.

"We hope you like it here," Norm said, moving slowly to stand.

She sat up and accepted the wineglass he offered. "I think I'll like it here just fine."

*Ms. Melissa K.,
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma*

**SOPHIE DOESN'T NEED A
MILLIONAIRE—ALL SHE WANTS
IS A MAN WHO WILL PUT
HER IN HER PLACE**

When Milo and I first got together, I was unused to his easygoing lifestyle. Up until then, I'd gravitated to perfectionists, men who craved order and discipline in their worlds, but not in the way that I craved either of those two concepts in mine. My beaus were powerful men who handled major decisions. Milo was an artist, and he was a little scruffy around the edges. He didn't remember to visit the barber on a regular basis. Only when his sandy hair fell in his eyes did he make an appointment. He didn't own a wardrobe full of fancy, French-cuffed shirts that required cufflinks. He preferred black t-shirts and paint-splattered cargos.

What he did possess was a libido that went for days and a stern attitude in the bedroom. I realized after our initial date that was all I wanted, as well.

At the start of our relationship, I'll admit that I wasn't entirely knocked off my feet. Yes, he brought me flowers—but they were daisies, not hot-house, not high-end. He didn't drive a fancy car. He called his ride vintage. My ex would have called it old.

But I didn't give up on him. I'd sensed a connection when we'd met at a friend's cocktail party. I wanted to see if we really shared any heat, or if what I'd felt had simply been a simmering mood over highballs. At dinner, after he'd regaled me with stories of art openings, he leaned across the table and said, "I'd like to make a confession."

I've been on the dating scene long



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enough that I was expecting to hear the usual fodder: *He liked me, but he was still hung up on an ex. He'd left his wallet at home. He still lived with his mother.* What he actually said caught me totally off guard.

"I've been wanting to spank your beautiful ass since I spotted you at Carly's barbecue."

My eyes went wide. I stared at him completely in shock. "Really?" I asked, a little too loudly for the intimate restaurant. I felt people looking over at us. I lowered my voice to a stage whisper. "Are you serious?"

"Is that something you'd be into?" he asked. "Because if the answer is yes, let's get the fuck out of here and take care of things."

"Things," I echoed, uselessly.

Milo smiled at me. It was the look he'd given me in the breaks of conversation at Carly's party. The look that made my panties wet and my heart beat a little bit faster.

"Things," he said. "Like my hand on your bare bottom. I want to bend you over my lap, pull up that dress, and give you the sort of spanking you deserve. Would you like that?"

I nodded, and he immediately signaled the waiter that we were ready for the check. We hadn't even finished our entrees, but my hunger was piqued for something far more intense than rib eye. Milo further delighted me by not even taking me home. We exited the restaurant and walked out to the parking lot. My legs felt shaky. I was grateful for Milo's hand in mine. Thoughts came quickly and then floated away. *He's going to spank me! He's going to put me over his lap and pull up my skirt.* I was going to come.

When we got to his car, he said, "You know this is an oldie. And some women laugh at her. But check out the backseat."

I peered in to see what he was talking about.

The rear seat was large and roomy, much roomier than the foreign sports car my former boyfriend had adored. Milo opened the door and settled himself on the dark red seat in the back before patting his lap. I stared at him, wanting what he was offering, but tangled in nerves. *You only met him a week ago*, a sensible voice in my head reminded me. *We're in public!* the voice continued.

"No one will pay us any attention," Milo assured me in his soothing baritone voice. I looked around. He'd parked his big ride in the rear of the lot. There were cars nearby, but they were all empty. I didn't see anyone else about. I climbed in with him and did what he instructed, bent myself across his lap and waited.

He stroked my ass through my dress. "This is an ass that was made to be spanked," he announced as his firm palm cradled my curves. "When you were standing at the bar at Carly's, I wanted to walk right up to you and give you a smack. But I thought you might have thrown your cocktail in my face."

"I probably would have," I said to the seat of the car. I could feel how wet I was growing. He seemed to be taking his time, when all I wanted was for him to yank up my dress, pull down my panties and blister my butt. Apparently, Milo was not in the same sort of hurry I was. He stroked me a few more times before letting his hand land one firm spank to my hind end. I grew still, processing the way that felt. Muted by the layer of my dress and my panties, the slap hadn't hurt much. But my body was responding in an interesting way. My pussy was growing slicker by the second. My breath had started to speed up, as well, until I was practically panting. Milo seemed to be judging my behavior. He spanked me another time, then another. I moved slightly, pressing

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my clit against his knee—instant shivers flickered through me. That made him laugh, and he pulled up my dress and began to deliver a serious spanking to my panty-clad ass.

"You like that, don't you?" he asked, punctuating each word with a well-placed smack.

"Oh, yes," I sighed. There was no point trying to hide my arousal. I knew he would feel how wet he was making me.

"Then how about this?" he asked as he finally pulled my tiny underpants down, revealing my ass in all

moved me slightly. My pussy no longer could make the contact it—and I—craved. Now, Milo took control of my desires in a serious manner. He used the tips of his fingers to very lightly spank my pussy, his middle finger connecting with my clit with every blow. The sensation was truly sublime. I held out as long as I could, simply because I didn't want the feeling to end. But ultimately, I came in a rush, whimpering with the sweet carnal pleasure that flowed over me.

Milo sat me up at his side and wrapped one arm around me. As



its naked glory. I could imagine that my skin was pretty and pink from the blows he'd already landed. Milo wolf-whistled under his breath. He seemed to like what he was seeing. I didn't have a second to ponder what the next spank would feel like. He laid into me quickly, his palm on my naked flesh. Each smack landed with a loud clapping sound. What a glorious feeling!

I found that I was grinding my hips against his lap as he punished me. He didn't stop me, but when I was right on the cusp of a climax, he

his hair fell into his eyes, I stroked his curls off his forehead. He told me all the ways he longed to spank me in the future: with a paddle, with his belt, with a special flogger. I wanted every single thing he described.

I'd been craving a spanking for years. Although I'd hitched myself to dominant men in the past, I'd never found one who could tap on my needs the way I yearned. Milo did more than tap my needs; he spanked them!

*Ms. Sophie M.,
Toledo, Ohio*



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IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF



VARIATIONS

TAMARA'S SPRING FLING

While on spring break, Tamara meets a handsome older man. Duncan extends a friendly invitation to the nubile coed that's much more than an act of kindness. She accepts, eager to create some sexy new memories.

THE LUCKY GUY

Hank has always wanted to watch his lovely bride fuck another man. Luckily for him, Chelsea's former college boyfriend more than rises to the challenge, making their kinky coupling an unforgettable evening.

NOT A NOVICE

When coworkers Eleanor and Marcus reveal their favorite ways to unwind, they discover a shared passion for bondage that ties them together in the most deliciously deviant ways.

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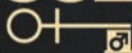
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